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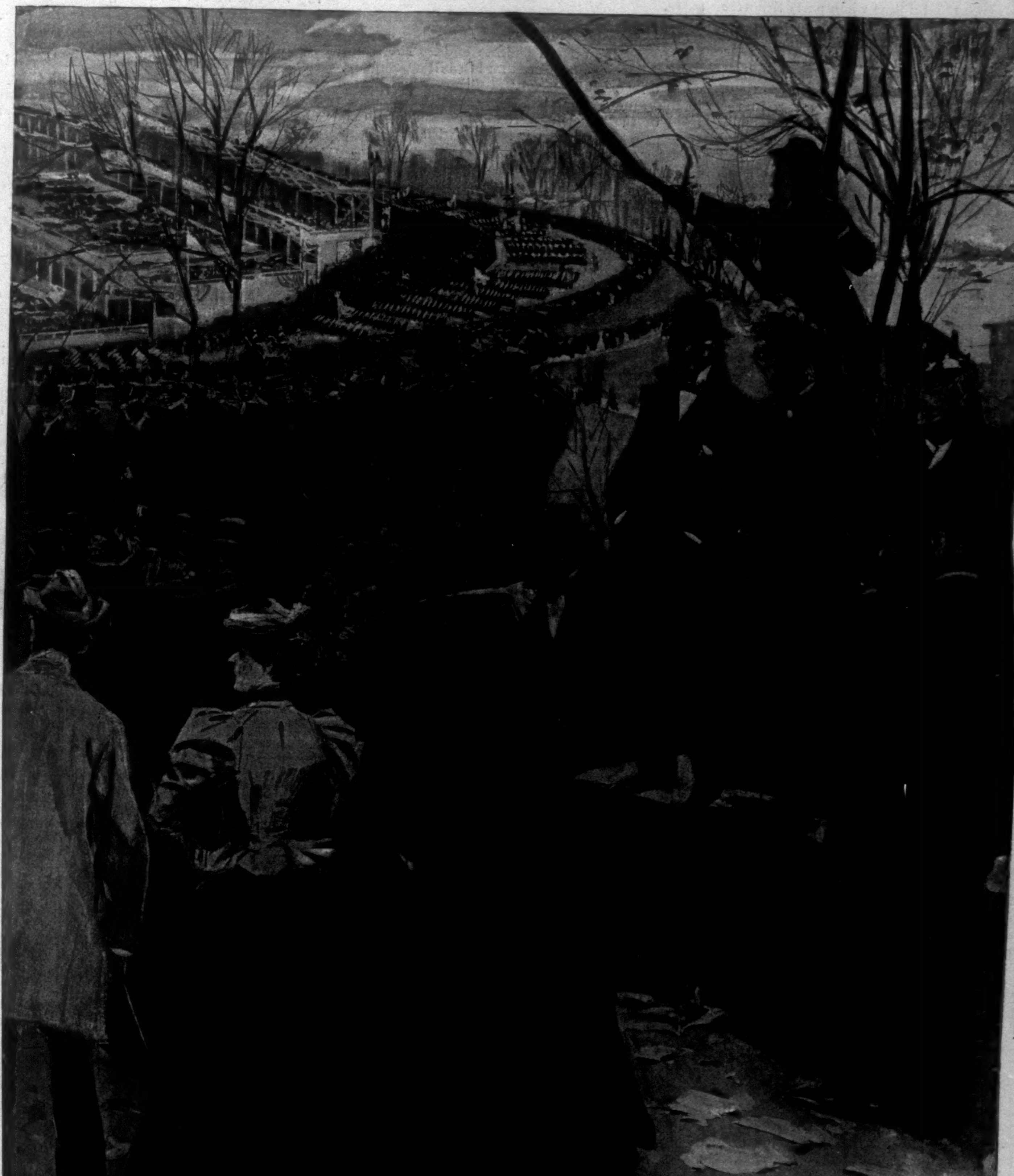

THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—THE PARADE COMING UP RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

Spectators on the Sidewalk and Wall near One-hundredth Street.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 475.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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PARTY DISINTEGRATION.

THE most striking feature of the political situation is the abundant evidence of party disintegration. One must go back to the period when the Whig organization was expiring, more than forty years ago, to find a time when party ties were so loose as now, and the future relations of a host of voters were so uncertain.

The slavery issue not only recast political organizations before the civil war, but for more than a quarter of a century after its close the force of tradition held the vast majority of voters in the same party relations. The victory of Democracy on a platform of tariff reform in the Presidential election of 1892 marked the first real break with the past. The loss of Illinois by the Republicans showed that the line of division run by **Lincoln** and **Douglas**, a generation before, had been wiped out.

The national contest of 1896 proved even more conclusively that old party ties had been broken, because old party issues had disappeared. Men who had joined the Republican organization on the slavery question, and had continued to support it through the era of reconstruction legislation and the repeated attempts to pass "force bills," turned against it on the silver question. On the other hand, men who had all their lives voted the Democratic ticket refused to support the candidate of their party on the "16 to 1" platform adopted at Chicago last summer, and by hundreds of thousands voted either directly for **McKinley**, or for the ex-Union and ex-Confederate generals whose campaign indirectly aimed at the same result.

The early convening of Congress in special session has furnished fresh proofs that a recasting of party lines is inevitable. It was not the political organization which elected **Lincoln** and **Grant** that put **McKinley** in the White House; it was not the party which supported **Tilden** and **Cleveland** that followed **Bryan** last fall. A great number of those who voted the Democratic ticket in 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888, and 1892 cast their ballots for **McKinley** last November; not a few who had been "life-long Republicans" voted for **Bryan**. Neither element committed itself to permanent alliance with the organization which it then supported. Both awaited future developments. The two months since inauguration day have demonstrated that the new administration tends to strengthen the disintegration of parties.

Opposition to free coinage was the issue upon which **McKinley** was elected. Support of a high-tariff policy alone would have left him short of a vast army who voted for him on the silver issue. Even among those who expected and desired tariff legislation a large proportion did not want anything like the McKinleyism of 1890. We do not yet know what the tariff of 1897 is to be in all its details, but it clearly must be quite as objectionable as the law of 1890. It was so bad when it passed the House as to provoke the condemnation of Republican Representatives from New England, and the Senate is sure to make it still worse. It will be most offensive to all those consistent advocates of tariff reform who voted for the Republican candidate last fall, and it will disincline them ever to support that party again.

On the other hand, the Democratic opposition in Congress does nothing to effect a cohesion of forces. Its nominal leader in the House openly advocates the policy of letting the Republicans have their way unchecked, on the ground that such a tariff as they are framing will wreck their party. Some of the Democrats from the South have become infected with the passion for protection to local interests, and no longer feel the old enthusiasm in fighting high-tariff rates. With Representative **Bailey** of Texas advising Democratic inaction, and Senator **McEnery** of Louisiana ready to vote for a tariff which will satisfy the sugar-planters of his State, there is nothing to attract to the "regular" organization those Democrats who left it last fall, or those Independents who supported it during the three campaigns in which **Cleveland** was its leader.

The dominant party meanwhile does nothing to win support on other issues. It succeeded last fall rather as the opponent of a bad financial policy than as the champion of a good one. It committed itself against the free coinage of silver, but did not bind itself to any positive action. Its leaders are as much disinclined to adopt a policy now as they were during the campaign. They are consequently losing their hold upon those voters who hoped that **McKinley**'s election might mean the early passage of sound financial legislation.

Discord and disorganization are as evident among the Populists. A large proportion of those who voted for **Bryan** were greatly dissatisfied with their situation during the campaign, and they are more than ever disgusted now with the idea of figuring simply as tail to the Democratic kite. Free silver coinage is not the Populist goal. The unlimited issue of irredeemable paper currency is what their party seeks, and its sincere members bitterly oppose any further compromise on half-way measures.

Amid the general confusion which prevails the first signs are discernible of an aggregation of political forces for certain definite ends. The candidacy of **Palmer** and **Buckner** last fall was supported by only a small percentage of those who believed in the principles for which they stood. Even the head of the ticket himself took occasion publicly to say that he would not quarrel with those Democrats who thought that the surest way of defeating **Bryan** was to vote for **McKinley**. The 133,000 ballots cast for the National Democratic nominees therefore afforded no index of the strength of the Indianapolis platform. The recent spring election in Michigan has shown that this platform furnished a rallying-point for the future. The National Democrats of that State resolved to run their own ticket against the still Bryanized Democracy last month, and they polled nearly 32,000 votes—the equivalent of 50,000 or 60,000 in a hotly contested campaign—as against less than 7000 for **Palmer** and **Buckner** last November.

The enthusiastic dinner of the Reform Club in New York city shortly after this Michigan election showed that the spirit in favor of united action by those who oppose a high tariff and favor a sound financial policy is confined to no State, but pervades every section of the country. Nothing could be more significant than the support of those principles for which the National Democracy stands by prominent speakers from the South and West. If the old parties are disintegrating for lack of cohesion, it is encouraging to find evidence that a body of sound principles will still rally supporters.

PARTIES IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

One of the most significant and important of the speeches made at the reunion held under the auspices of the Reform Club was that of Mr. **Edward M. Shepard**, of Brooklyn. It was perhaps the more significant, and certainly the more calculated to arrest attention, because it seemed irrelevant to, if not positively incompatible with, the prevailing sentiment of the occasion. The purpose and the effect of the meeting were to establish a propaganda of the political principles illustrated by the career of ex-President **Cleveland**, the special guest of the evening, and represented in the last canvass alone by the Indianapolis platform.

It took some civic courage, at a meeting like this, for an orator to whom the toast of municipal government had been assigned to declare that municipal government should be dissociated from national politics. They should be divorced, Mr. **Shepard** insisted, from general politics even of the excellent kind declared for at Indianapolis and inculcated in the speeches of the other orators of the evening. He pointed and made specific this declaration by going on to say that he would support for the Mayoralty of Greater New York a man who voted for **Bryan**, if he were convinced that such a man would be the best Mayor.

We have not the least notion that Mr. **Shepard** had his eye upon any particular **Bryan** man who would make the best attainable Mayor of Greater New York. His remark upon that point was simply an effectively-rhetorical illustration of the logical conclusion of the non-partisan notion of municipal government. It was an illustration the more apt for being somewhat startling. It does show exactly to what the doctrine of political non-partisanship in municipal affairs inevitably leads. The conclusion is one from which well-meaning men warmly interested in national affairs and much less warmly interested in local affairs may at first recoil. But when they examine it they will see that the complete divorce of local government from general politics is an absolute necessity for municipal reform. There is no private business of which the head, being a man of sense and devoted to his business, would inquire the politics of any one of his subordinates before appointing him, if he had reason to expect that the man would do his work well, or after appointing him, as a preliminary to retaining him, if it appeared, on the one hand, that he did his work well, or for discharging him, if it appeared, on the other, that he did it ill. And it is a government upon the principles of private business, in which honesty and efficiency and economy of administration are the qualities that are mainly and indeed exclusively required, that it is the object of municipal reform to introduce into municipal administration. There is no Republican and no Democratic way of cleaning streets, or keeping parks, or building docks, or maintaining discipline and efficiency in the police. A free-silver street-cleaner who cleans streets is immeasurably to be preferred to a street-cleaner expressing the most virtuous and scientific opinions upon the currency, who does not clean streets. For making the distinction between politics and municipal housekeeping so clear Mr. **Shepard** is entitled to the gratitude of all dwellers in American municipalities; for he has stimulated them to thinking upon the subject. The more they think the more they will come to perceive that the question whether the head of a municipal department, or of all the municipal departments, is a Bryanite or a Clevelandite, a Republican or a Democrat, has no more relevancy than the question whether he is a Baptist or a Unitarian.

THE BONDING PRIVILEGE.

The fact that some of our leading newspapers and some Congressmen advocate the abolition of the bonding privilege enjoyed by Canadian railroads has caused a good deal of discussion. Mr. **Beach**, a Republican Representative from Ohio, has a resolution before the House proposing an inquiry by the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee as to whether any good reason exists for the further continuation of the bonding privilege between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean. It is declared that the Canadian roads obtained this privilege of transporting through Canadian territory goods destined for American ports and cities upon the condition of reciprocal convenience, and that, since reciprocal convenience is not enjoyed by American roads, the privilege should be discontinued. It is alleged that our roads suffer because of unfair discrimination made in favor of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk, especially the former, which, by reason of the bonding privilege and the subsidies received from the Canadian government, is enabled to transport tea, silk, and other imports from China and Japan at rates much lower than can be offered by our railroads.

At first sight it would appear that the bonding privilege should not be allowed unless it substantially serves the interests of our merchants and shippers. Attempts have been made against it, but have always been met by protest from those who acknowledged the benefits resulting from it and thought the competition of Canadian railroads a good thing for the public. Much complaint has been made against a clause in the Canadian Railway Act of 1888, which reads as follows: "The company, in fixing or regulating the tolls to be demanded and taken for the transportation of goods, shall, except in respect to *through traffic, or traffic to and from the United States*, adopt and conform to any uniform classification of freight which the Governor in Council, on the report of the Minister, from time to time prescribes." The italicized words have been construed by opponents of the bonding privilege as conferring upon the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk the right to depart from the American classification of freight in order successfully to compete with American lines in handling American goods. It is but just to state that Canadian journals and the representatives of Canadian railroads emphatically deny this interpretation of the clause in question, and assert that the words referred to were inserted at the express request of the Canadian roads, so that in transporting American goods through the Dominion they *might conform* to the classification of freight agreed upon by American lines.

This question of reciprocal convenience will be better understood by looking at the facts. Mr. **Beach**'s resolution is not correct in stating that our roads do not use Canadian territory on the Pacific coast. One of our lines running from Spokane Falls into the Kootenay district of British Columbia, where gold-mining is giving such wonderful results, makes a profitable use of the bonding privilege by carrying goods from eastern Canada to Rossland and other points in that rich region. The Great Northern and Northern Pacific carry freight from Ontario and Quebec to Victoria and other points in British Columbia. If we take in view the immense development which is likely to mark the progress of British Columbia and districts east of it in the near future, it would seem unwise, by repealing the bonding privilege, to deprive our roads of an increasing share in the traffic which they now hold. If we consider the necessity of a reciprocal use of the bonding privilege east of the Great Lakes, it is quite clear that any disturbance of it would produce the greatest inconvenience to both countries. The present state of affairs had its origin as far back as 1794, when a treaty between England and the United States provided that no duties should be paid on goods carried over any of the portages or carrying-places on either side of the boundary between Canada and this country for the purpose of being immediately re-embarked and carried to some other place. The building of canals and the growth of the railway system on both sides of the line have given rise to mutual concessions and advantages, without which commerce, domestic as well as international, would be seriously handicapped. If the bonding privilege gives the Grand Trunk a fair share of the through traffic, it also gives our roads having connections at Suspension Bridge a very large business, and our Eastern roads a good Canadian business in the domestic and foreign transit trade. The Michigan Central runs through two hundred and twenty-four miles of Canadian territory. Broadly speaking, the question is one to be decided by business interests able to show their own need and the public benefit in support of the present state of affairs; sectional cries and unfounded assertions should not be allowed to induce hasty legislation. It is quite probable that full inquiry by the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee will clearly show the undesirability of making any changes, and from that point of view it is to be hoped the inquiry will soon be made.. That will be the most effectual way of putting an end to an agitation which is due as much to ignorance as to any other cause.

HOLMAN AND PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.

The death of Judge W. S. Holman, of Indiana, would call for little comment had he not become in the public mind the embodiment of economy in national appropriations. His name is not connected with any particular measure of legislation, nor can the suggestion of such a measure be traced to him; but his persistent "objecting" to appropriation bills gave him the limited reputation that calls for notice.

That the measure of a man's statesmanship should be gauged only by his opposition to the appropriation of money by Congress is in itself a striking commentary upon the drift of public measures. Such a reputation could not be gained in a few years, but grew slowly during the service of Holman in sixteen Congresses. He entered the Thirty-sixth Congress at the height of the war, when the resources of government were strained to the utmost, and the national expenditures were nearly $2,000,000 a day. From the Thirty-sixth to the Fifty-fifth Congress is a long leap, and takes us from the stress of war to profound peace. In the intervening period war taxes have been borne uncomplainingly, a vicious and costly currency system has been maintained from sentiment rather than from policy, hundreds of millions of debt have been extinguished, and the fiscal operations of the government have been performed on a scale and in a manner that have extorted the admiration and even the envy of foreign nations.

Were this the only side to the story, high praise could be given. The extravagance of Congress, encouraged by the surplus revenue so willingly afforded by the tax-payers, lends a different color to the narrative. It would be exaggeration to assert that the country is now on a war basis of expenditure; but it is no exaggeration to say that the unnecessary expenditure is on a greater scale than was ever attained during the war. To develop the tendency, the expenditures of three years during Holman's service are compared:

	1870.	1880.	1896.
War........	$57,655,675	$38,116,916	$50,830,921
Navy........	21,780,229	13,536,985	27,147,732
Indians......	3,407,938	5,945,457	12,165,528
Pensions.....	28,340,202	56,777,174	139,434,001
Miscellaneous.	53,237,462	54,713,530	87,216,234
Total......	$164,421,506	$169,090,062	$316,794,416

Making allowance for some reflection of war expenditures in the figures of 1870, it is seen that expenditures, always less than appropriations, have increased in nearly every direction. Pensions, river and harbor improvements, public buildings, claims and measures for private relief—these are a few of the items that have grown recklessly, and involve great waste of money. It was this tendency that gave Holman his opportunity; and while favoring liberal pension laws, he opposed other leaks so persistently as to earn for himself the title of "watch-dog of the Treasury." In earlier years his opposition availed, but in later the course of legislation towards extravagance became too strong for any one man to stem. Where such men as Mr. Cleveland and Speaker Reed could not avail, a man like Holman had no weight.

LABOR AND PROSPERITY.

The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, at the head of which stands Mr. Samuel Gompers, recently addressed "to the President, Cabinet, and Congress of the United States" a memorial describing in strong words the "humiliating poverty and countless privations" suffered by "multitudes of our working-people," and appealing to the national authorities for "speedy relief." They remind the party in power that last fall "they were promised helpful legislation," and that they expect this relief now from the administration and Congress "without unnecessary delay." They look to the national government to "haste the return of better times, to inspire confidence, and bring cheer and comfort to the homes of millions of citizens who now seek work and wages in vain." To this end they urge the following measures: 1. "Amendment to the Federal eight-hour law so as to secure its enforcement on all public works by or for the United States government." 2. "A remodelling of our immigration laws so as to secure an enlarged protection to American citizens and their families." 3. "Reform in the national banking system and in the issuance of the currency of the United States so as to secure the people from the possibilities and disasters of financial crises." 4. "Liberal appropriations for government public works, and for the improvement of rivers and harbors."

The laboring-people who are suffering under the stress of the times may be assured of the sincerest sympathy of all good citizens, and whenever demands are made by them to improve their condition that are within reason, they are certain to meet with respectful and serious consideration.

What makes a clear and amicable understanding between working-men and other social classes sometimes peculiarly difficult of attainment is the circumstance that many of the working-men have evolved out of their own inner consciousness certain vague ideas of rights and duties, and live mentally in a world of their own which is far away from the social conditions actually existing, and that they reason from premises that are out of touch with the present state of things. This is apt to render argument between them and persons living in the actual world mutually unintelligible and fruitless. All the more welcome should be propositions coming from an organization of working-men which, even if open to question, form a fair ground for useful discussion between them and the social conservative. And it will certainly be admitted that the demands put forth by the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor are so free from socialistic imaginings that they can be debated on terms of mutual understanding and confidence.

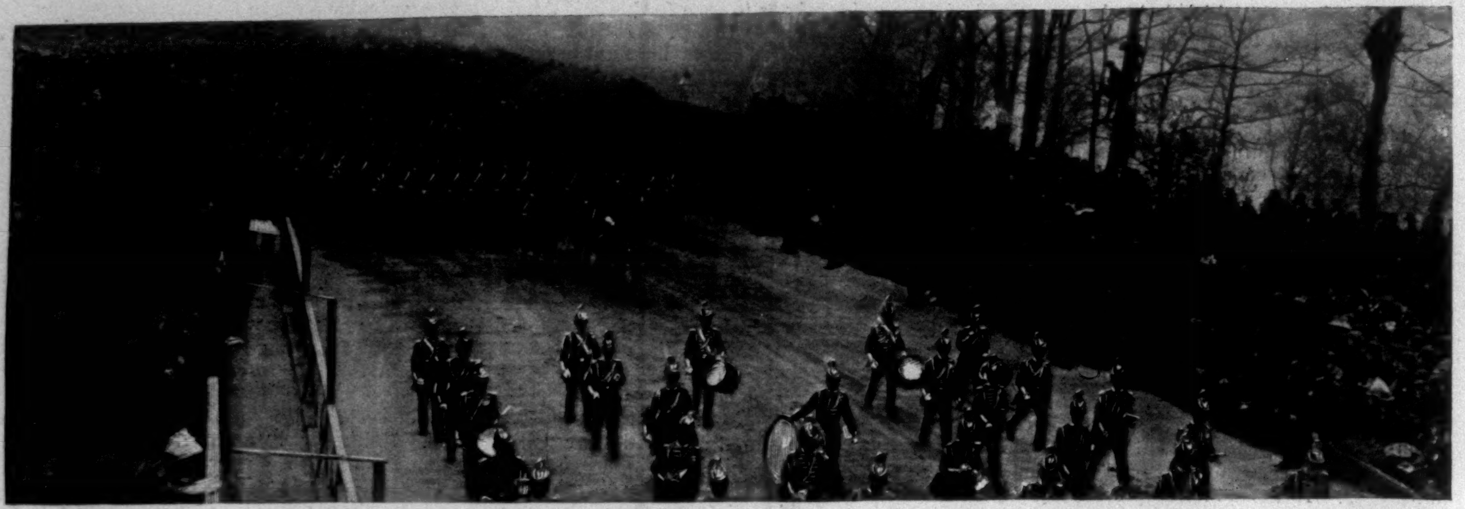
In the first place, considering the reckless impetuosity and perverseness with which a good many of the labor leaders last year embraced all the wild doctrines of Bryanism, the propositions before us are remarkable for what they do not, as well as for what they do contain. Not only do they not fall in with the cry for free-silver coinage, or against the national banks as such, but they express the demand for reform of the national banking system and of the currency in a manner which permits the conclusion that the ideas of the memorialists upon these subjects are thoroughly sound. For when they speak of a reform in the national banking system, is it not fair to assume that they mean not the abolition of the system, or anything crippling it, but such an enlargement of its facilities as to enable it to supply the people with an elastic as well as a safe bank currency, and especially to furnish those parts of the country which have actually suffered from want of circulation the banking conveniences which alone can help them? And when they speak of a "reform in the issuance of the currency of the United States so as to secure the people from the possibilities and disasters of financial crises," what else can they mean than the gradual withdrawal of those United States notes which, so long as they exist, will, whenever economic circumstances become unfavorable, always expose the Treasury to runs for gold and the country to those spasms of distrust which are so destructive to its prosperity? The language of the memorialists can hardly have any other meaning; and if such interpretation is correct, we may welcome this labor organization as a valuable force in forming that public opinion the pressure of which is required to inspire the politicians in Congress with the necessary courage to adopt a really sound monetary policy.

This force will be all the more valuable and potent as the working-men come clearly to perceive the relative efficacy of the different means proposed for the amelioration of their condition. As to the Federal eight-hour law, all good citizens will agree that it, as well as all other laws, should be honestly and consistently enforced. But a calm consideration of the possible effects of such an enforcement of that law will convince every clear-minded working-man who does not permit himself to be carried away by the sentimental feature of the matter, that it will play but a very small part in the restoration of "better times" which the laboring-people, together with all other classes of society, are so anxious to see accomplished. Neither will "a remodelling of our immigration laws" with a view to the protection of our working-men against competition help them much. The subject of immigration has of late been treated by many from altogether too narrow a point of view. Granting, for argument's sake, that immigration is bringing to our shores, with very valuable elements, others that are undesirable—which, however, if they remain here, are absorbed and assimilated by our vast population far more easily than seems to be supposed—it will be admitted that it is foolish to regard every immigrant simply as an intruder coming here to take the bread out of somebody else's mouth. It must not be forgotten that immigrants who by their labor contribute to the development of our resources thereby aid in the enlargement of our activities and of home consumption; in other words, that while increasing the supply of labor, they enlarge at the same time the field and the demand for it. When times are hard and the opportunities of the laboring-man are correspondingly narrowed, immigration dwindles down to a comparatively insignificant figure without restrictive legislation. As a means to bring on better times, a further restriction of immigration would obviously be a most unavailing measure.

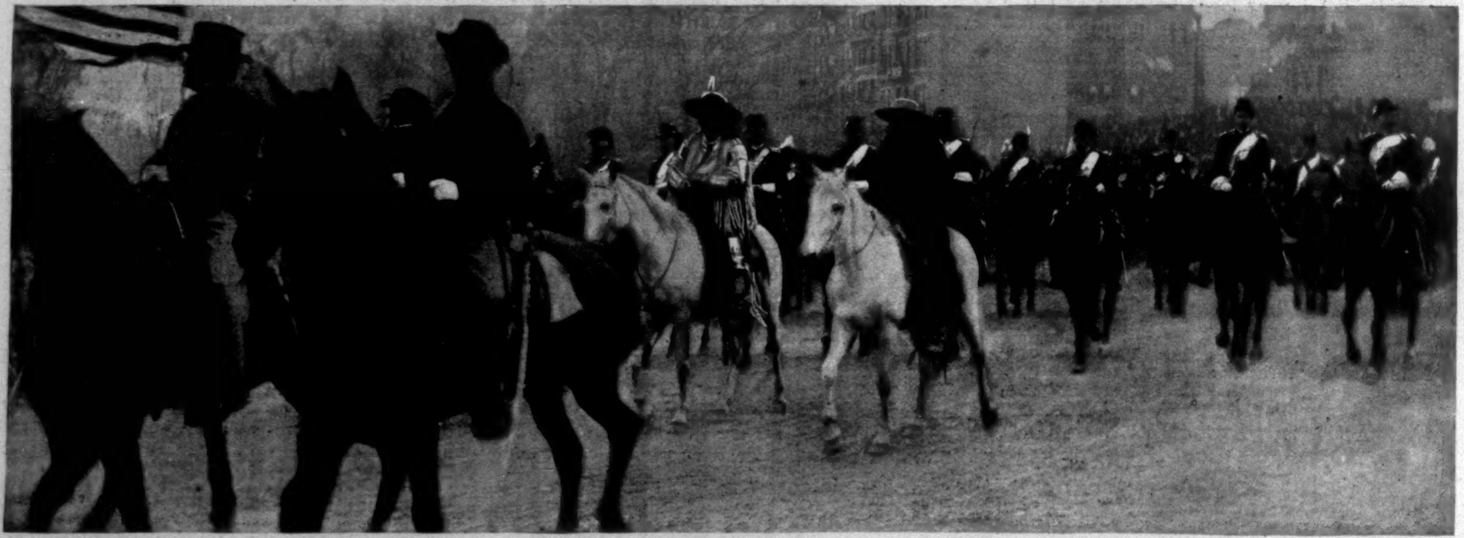
The fourth proposition of the memorialists, the demand for "liberal appropriations for government public works and for the improvement of rivers and harbors," is also one of those delusive shifts which in their effects are apt to prove more hurtful than helpful. Experience teaches us that whenever Congress launches out in a policy of "liberal" appropriations for public works, a reckless waste of the public money for useless objects, with all its consequences of profligacy and corruption, will usually follow. A spendthrift government has never been a blessing to any people, least of all to the poorer portion of it. Some individuals may profit from the public extravagance, but the people at large will have to pay the cost by way of taxation, and of this the poor have to bear by no means the lightest burden.

But while this working-men's memorial is not free from the advocacy of some expedients which will help them little, and of others which would positively hurt them in their efforts to ameliorate their condition, it gives to those in power some hints of very great value. Its absolute silence on the protective tariff as a remedial measure pointedly indicates that the working-men who are represented by this federation, and presumably many others, do not accept the teaching which describes high tariff duties as the source of high wages and of general prosperity. On the other hand, the stress it lays upon the necessity of reforming the issuance of government currency and the national banking system so as to prevent financial convulsions shows plainly the direction in which they look for the restoration of that confidence which alone can, and which certainly will, bring on a new period of prosperous activity. And in this they are certainly right. Excepting that confidence, all the conditions for such a revival of prosperity actually exist. For years the people—all but the government—have been practising economy. Throughout the country the merchants have limited their stocks of goods to the smallest requirements. The markets are in a decidedly receptive state. Business is ready for immediate expansion, and waits only to be relieved of the dull pressure of that distrust which discourages all spirit of enterprise, and which will not yield until our monetary policy shall have ceased to be in an unsettled and threatening condition. The working-men can do much by their moral influence to hasten on a right solution of this problem; and that influence will be all the more potential and salutary the more it is inspired by the consciousness that their prosperity as a class is altogether bound up in the prosperity of the people at large.

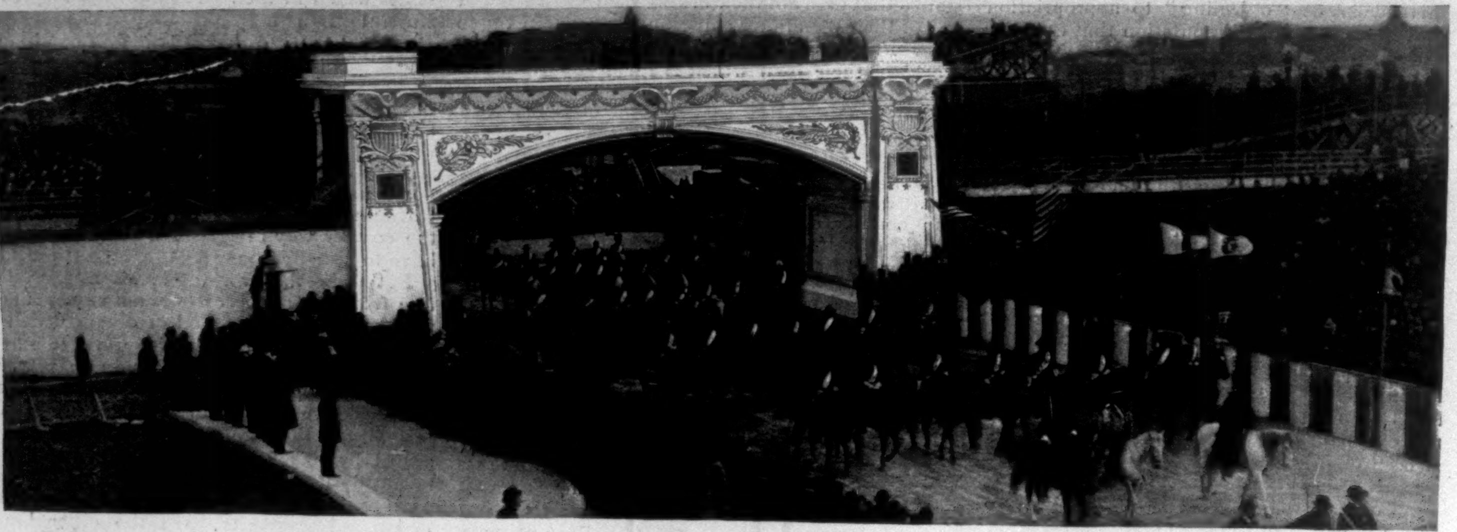
Carl Schurz.



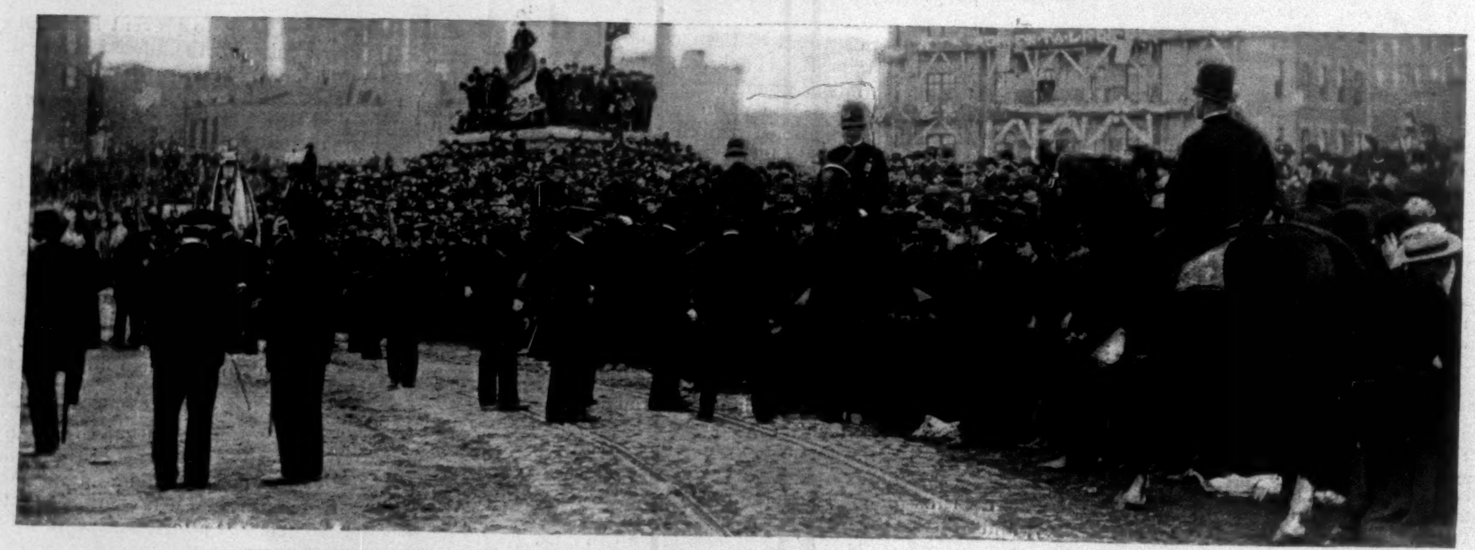
CORPS OF CADETS FROM THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, APPROACHING THE TOMB.


Chief Joseph.

STAFF OF THE GRAND MARSHAL, MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE.—FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND BOULEVARD.

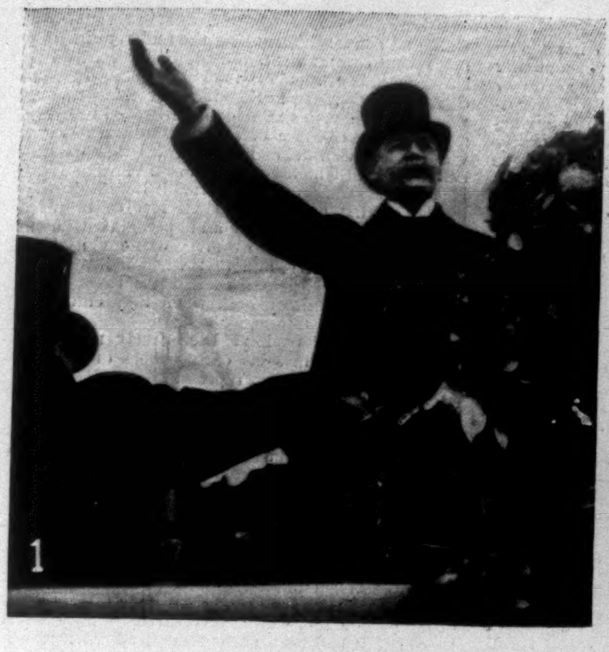


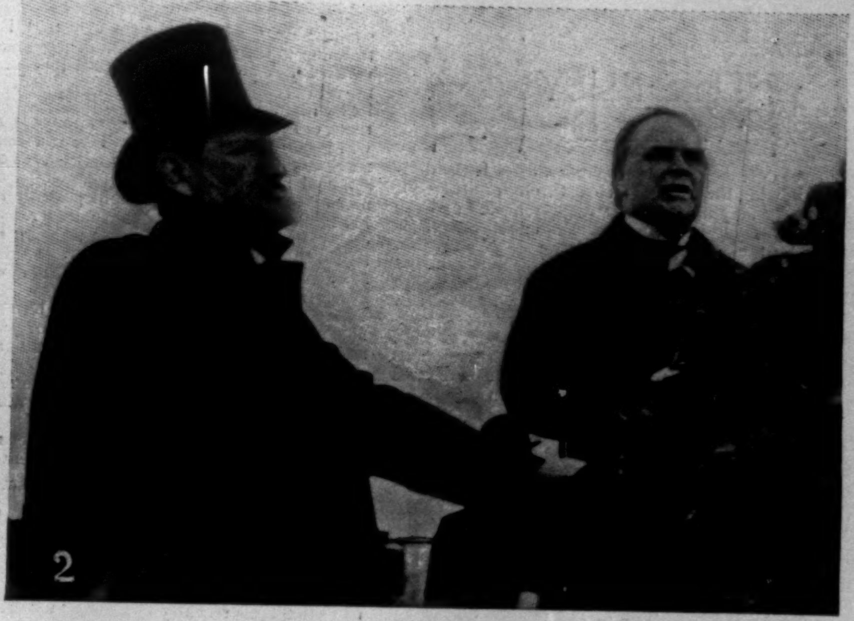
THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE MEMORIAL ARCH.

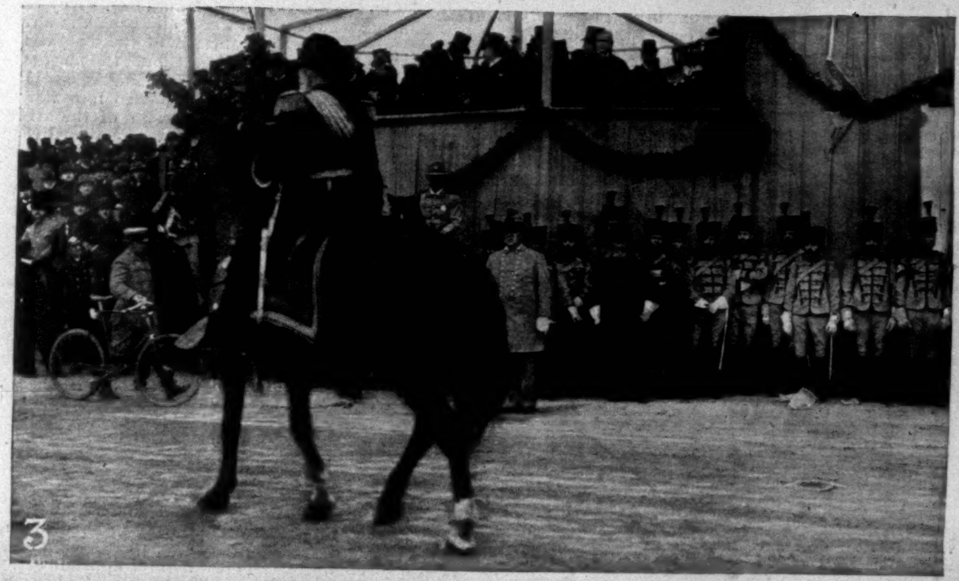


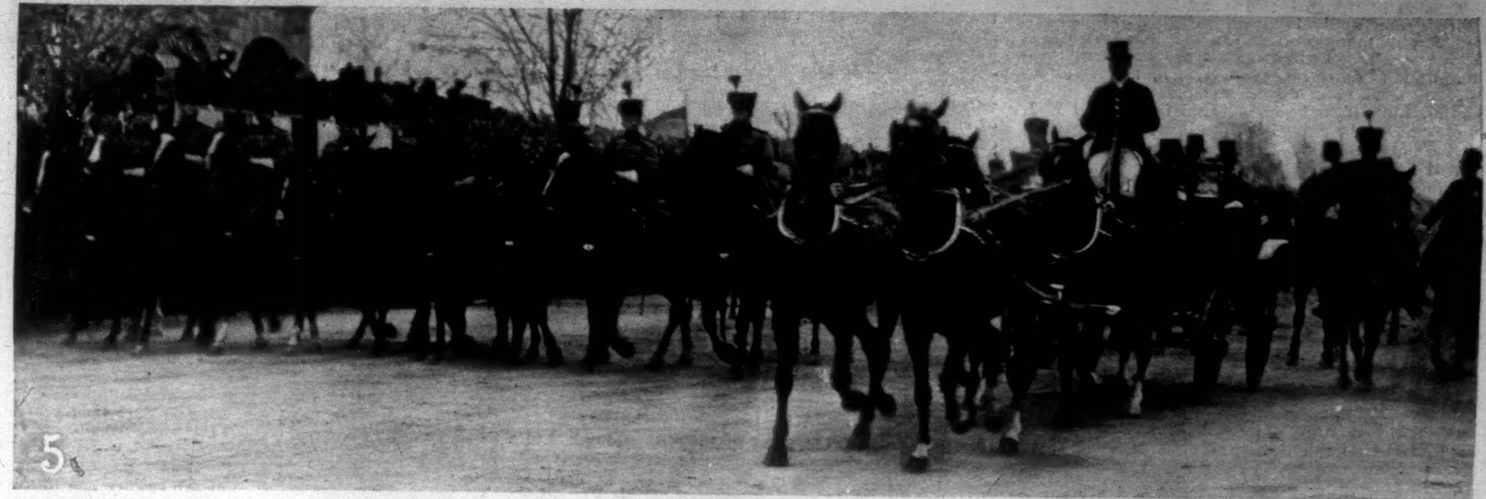
THE CROWD AROUND THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT THE CIRCLE, FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND BOULEVARD.

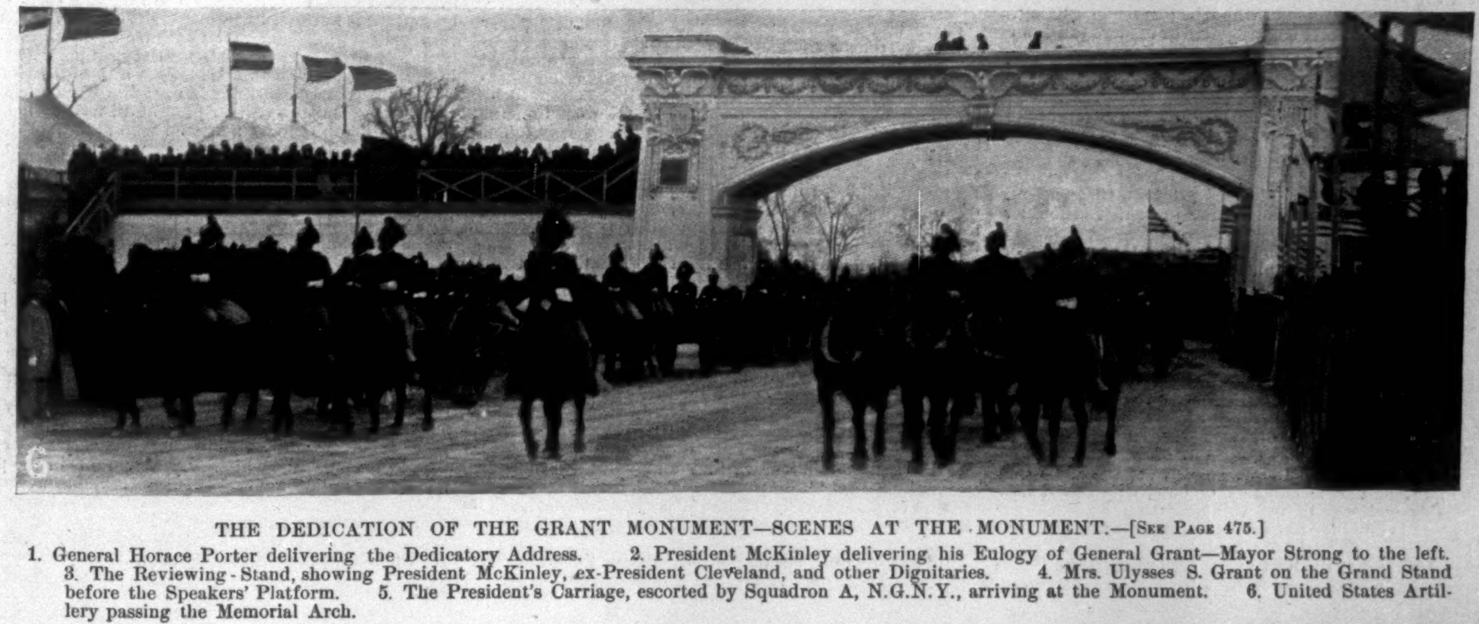
THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—THE MILITARY PARADE—SCENES ON THE LINE OF MARCH.—[SEE PAGE 475.]











THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—SCENES AT THE MONUMENT.—[See Page 475.]

1. General Horace Porter delivering the Dedicatory Address. 2. President McKinley delivering his Eulogy of General Grant—Mayor Strong to the left. 3. The Reviewing-Stand, showing President McKinley, ex-President Cleveland, and other Dignitaries. 4. Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant on the Grand Stand before the Speakers' Platform. 5. The President's Carriage, escorted by Squadron A, N.G.N.Y., arriving at the Monument. 6. United States Artillery passing the Memorial Arch.

THIS BUSY WORLD

One of the defects about newspaper stories is the difficulty of following the narrative clear through to the end. The beginning may have a big "display head," and the end be hidden away in a corner weeks or months afterwards. Take the story of the scurvy ship *T. F. Oakes*, for example. It is still going on. The last item noted at this writing was that the ship's name had been changed to *New York*, and that she was loading with oil in Brooklyn for a voyage to Shanghai. Captain Reed will not command her again. Captain Peabody has succeeded him, and the chances are she will not sail again without a sufficient supply of eatable food. Captain Reed's examiners seem to have come to no conclusion about him as yet.

Observing that Daniel was a busy public officer and yet found time to go to his home to pray three times a day, Mr. Moody comments, "If a Wall Street millionaire went into old Trinity to pray for a few minutes every day, people would think he was crazy." It is true that the habit of praying in the middle of the day is not so prevalent among brokers and business men, or even among the reverent clergy, in New York, as it was among pious Jews in Babylon in Daniel's time, yet it seems fairly doubtful whether "a Wall Street millionaire" who found it profitable to say his prayers daily in old Trinity would impress people as Mr. Moody supposes. There are very pious men in Wall Street, deacons and pillars of churches, wardens, vestrymen, elders, and large contributors to all sorts of religious objects. It is not likely that any good man's credit would be impaired by any religious observance, not conspicuously eccentric, that he saw fit to use. All sorts of opinions are held about the efficacy and value of prayer, but it seems an error to suppose that any considerable part of the community derides it. It sometimes seems as if Mr. Moody underrated the strength of the religious sentiment about him, and held exaggerated notions of the heathenish condition of the so-called Christian world.

What a very shallow thinker our voluble friend Colonel Ingersoll shows himself to be whenever he exposes his intellectuals in a public lecture! The Colonel seems to be one of comparatively few educated persons who have been able to retain a lively belief in the Devil, only he does not call him by that name, but alludes to him as the Church. In a Sunday night deliverance some ten days ago he declared "that the Church demands worship—the very thing that man should give to no being, human or divine. To worship another is to degrade yourself." And again, denouncing the Church as the great obstacle to human happiness, he declares that "under her influence even the Protestant mother expects to be happy in heaven while her brave boy, who fell fighting for the rights of man, shall writhe in hell."

The Colonel has a fluent use of emphatic words and rounds out his sentences well, and winds them up with a fine sonorous bang; but, dear, dear, how very limited his comprehension of things is! He and Boy-Orator Bryan present two remarkably interesting cases of intellectual myopia. A good many people go to hear him lecture. It would be interesting to know what proportion of them he is able to edify and what proportion he merely entertains. Any one who had a compassionate sense of humor might suffer himself to be entertained by Colonel Bob, but the capacity to be edified by him involves incapacity in particulars of so much moment that perhaps it is as well for his real adherents that they are scattered, unorganized, and not much exposed to the risk of being recognized for what they are.

Dr. John Watson, who has disclosed some views which some of his clerical brethren in England believe to be heretical, is confident that he has expressed his religious sentiments accurately, and has a firm mind to stand by his opinions. So his synod has found itself constrained to take action on a petition charging him with heresy. The action taken will not inconvenience him, for the petition was rejected. The synod seemed very unwilling to meddle with Dr. Watson, and even his accusers have appeared to be bent rather on drawing from him some statement which will square with doctrinal standards than on proving him a heretic. There is not much sport in heresy trials nowadays, and the accused is very apt to monopolize what there is of it. Dr. Watson seems devoted to his profession, and would doubtless regret very much to be suspended from the practice of it, though if worse should come to worst there are other ways in which he can make a living, and a great and attentive congregation of readers to whom he still may preach.

The husband of the Princess de Chimay has been fighting a duel in Paris with M. Clemenceau, who printed an article in the *Echo de Paris* which the Prince did not like. M. Clemenceau thought it a shame that the Princess was hindered from appearing on the stage in Paris, and was thus prevented from earning money which she needed for her support. The Prince differed from M. Clemenceau, and made quite a serious hole in the journalist's shoulder with a sword-point.

There are advantages about the custom that newspaper writers shall back their opinions with suitable weapons. It must tend to make them somewhat more solicitous as to the accuracy of their facts and the propriety of their deductions. It also affords them a strong motive for regular exercise, a thing that earnest and impecunious writers are too apt to neglect. Fencing is an excellent sport, and being good for the liver as well as the muscles, it makes for good temper and diminishes the inclination to say sharp and mischievous things.

An incredible story has come out of New Haven, and been spread abroad in the newspapers, to the effect that one Simpson, a Yale oarsman of note, who rowed bow at Henley and was in use this year as stroke, has announced his inability to row according to the instructions of the Yale coach, and has wilfully and rebelliously relinquished his seat in the boat and retired to his tent. There seems to have been some friction between this Mr. Simpson and Mr. Cook, but the story, as told, is an impossible tale, and in direct contradiction of the Yale system, under which it has long been understood that men who can row must row, and men who can play football must play football, without regard to their personal prejudices or inclinations, or the alumni and undergraduates of Yale University will inquire into the matter. It seems that the said-to-be recalcitrant Mr. Simpson is a Senior, who has doubtless attained all the social distinctions which attend "prominence" at Yale, and who might possibly manage to hold his breath and live in solitude under police protection during the rest of the college year. But it is not as though that would end the matter. Where could he hide himself after graduation where the wrath of Yale would not reach him? What club would admit him as member? How and where would he attempt to earn a living? What Yale man's sister would he dare propose to? Oh no, that cannot be a true story. Very likely there is a basis to it and something irritated Mr. Simpson, but he would not blast his future for a few months of personal relief. If the Yale system requires that he shall row, that must settle it.

An interesting new ordinance has been devised in the interest of the peace of London. Violent or abusive language in the public streets has long been an offence punishable by a fine of forty shillings and costs, but until recently it has been the London householder's legal privilege when under the shelter of his house to speak his mind through doorway or window with whatever vigor seemed to him to suit the occasion or relieved his feelings. This privilege must have been abused, for the Middlesex County Council has recently devised a by-law under which any individual who abuses his neighbor from "any house, building, garden, or other place abutting on or near to a street or public place" is liable, on complaint being made, to a domiciliary visit from the police and a fine of forty shillings. Any one who hears may object—the apparent purpose of the ordinance being not so much to limit loyal subjects unduly in the expression of contentious sentiments as to protect the public from annoyance of being deafened by clamors with the occasion and drift of which they are not concerned.

It must have been because the author of the *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* was on his travels in the uttermost parts of the earth when the narrative was published in book form that one of his intentions about it was not at that time carried out. It was his purpose, when he began work on the story in Florence in 1893, that it should be a silver-wedding present to his wife. He says that she never knew of his design, and when the book was published there was nothing in it to apprise her of it. "Let us rectify," writes Mr. Clemens from London, under date of April 9; and, agreeable to his wish, a leaf will be inserted into future issues of the *Recollections of Joan*, bearing this inscription:

1870 TO MY WIFE 1895
OLIVIA LANGDON CLEMENS
THIS BOOK
IS TENDERED ON OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF HER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF VALUED SERVICE AS MY LITERARY ADVISER AND EDITOR.
THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer has been so much before the public during the past year that his sudden death on April 26 is peculiarly impressive. His very well known house on Madison Avenue, silent and closed all day on the 27th while the great procession went by, stood in striking contrast with the brilliant spectacle that was passing. He was best known for his remarkable success in the business of sugar-refining. His brother Henry and himself were early trained by their father in that industry, and joining remarkable business ability to an exact practical knowledge of the details of their occupation, they made a vast deal of money—first as members of their own firm, and later as organizers and master-spirits of the so-called Sugar Trust. Their fortunes were primarily due to their success in cheapening the process of refining sugar.

Mr. Havemeyer was the eldest son of the late Frederick O. Havemeyer, and was born in New York in 1834. For twenty-five years, and until three years ago, he was consul-general for Austria in New York, a place in which he succeeded his wife's father, Mr. de Loosey. He was active in social life, and in such quasi-public duties as concerned the management of the American Geographical Society, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He took a very lively interest in the game of golf, was one of the first promoters of that sport in this country, and was president of the United States Golf Association. He was an agreeable man, interested in many things, and with cultivated tastes, which he was able to indulge.

There was an amusing letter in a Boston newspaper last week from the manager of a Boston dye-house, deprecating the anxiety of the Boston public about "our dyed horse," and proclaiming, for the relief of many commentators and complainants who fear "he will be poisoned by the dye," that there is nothing in the dye to poison the horse, and that it will not injure him in any way. The letter-writer says that the Society for Prevention has been written to about this horse to see if his owner can't be prosecuted, but he insists that the dye is the same that dyers have their hands in all day, and that it can't hurt anything about the horse, except possibly his feelings, and that he has as yet shown no dissatisfaction. The horse is old, he says, and has light work and kind treatment.

Which is all very well, and no doubt the horse is thriving and is proud of his embellishment; but what an outrage on Boston's sense of fitness to drive a ludicrous, dyed horse in its highly respectable streets! What color is this horse? Blue, maybe, or even green. Awful! Awful! A green horse abroad on the face of nature; or maybe a red one, competing with the tulip-bed now emerging from the snows of the Public Garden. Desolation! It is a worse offence than the Bacchante. If the Society for the Prevention can't move in the matter, the Fine Arts Committee should do something. That Boston taste should be scandalized, vitiated by a dyed horse is intolerable.

Interesting evidence of the solicitude of the authorities of Harvard University for the maintenance of a proper walk and conversation among the undergraduates appears in a recent communication made by the Parietal Board to the occupants of rooms in the college buildings. The burden of this message is that it is becoming that students who entertain ladies in their rooms should govern themselves in the exercise of such hospitalities by "the unwritten but well-defined social rules that obtain in the community in which they are now living." These rules, in the judgment of the Parietal Board, justify it in expecting that no student shall receive in his room a young lady unattended by a chaperon, that he shall not receive ladies in the evening without notifying the proctor in his entry, and that when ladies visit him he or some other gentleman shall escort them through the halls of his dormitory both when they enter and when they go out.

These suggestions have been freely reported to the newspapers, and in some cases echoes of local criticism have come with them, representing a local sentiment which promptly stamps them as officious and grumbles very freely about them. If they are unnecessary, and each one of the 1700 Harvard undergraduates knows what is what and has a fine sense of propriety which makes such rules unnecessary, so much the better. But in themselves they are very judicious rules, politely conveyed, and present nothing which proper young men need resent or have cause to criticise.

Chief Joseph, of the Nez Percés, who rode with Buffalo Bill among General Dodge's aids at the head of the great procession on Grant day, was one of the interesting figures of the parade, and would have excited more interest than he did if it had been more generally known who he was and how he happened to be in New York. Any one who saw him and who does not know all about him already is invited to recall his appearance, and to take notice that he is considered to be, next to Red Cloud, the most eminent Indian living. His tribe, the Nez Percés, are Indians of excellent repute. They were jostled into war under Chief Joseph in 1877 by the desire of the whites to appropriate the Wallowa Valley, where they lived. It took a good while to subdue them, but on January 4, 1878, Chief Joseph surrendered to General Miles, and has continued at peace ever since. He came to Washington to get permission for 150 Nez Percés, with whom he lives on a reservation in the State of Washington, to move to their old home in Idaho, where 1000 of their kinsmen still dwell. General Miles, who is now his friend and adviser, sent him to New York to see the city and the Grant-day parade. A *Sun* reporter who interviewed him in Brooklyn made a most interesting report of what he had to say. His observations, filtered as they were through the intelligences of an interpreter and the reporter, were very striking, and were expressed with great dignity and in excellent form.

It shows sad lack of taste for any one, especially any person of note, to die after having had the benefit of the operation for appendicitis. That operation is conceded to be one of the triumphs of modern surgery, yet more or less prejudice against it has continued to lurk in the minds of ignorant people, and is constantly fostered and aggravated by short notices in the newspapers saying that "so-and-so succumbed to an operation for appendicitis, which was performed last ——day." Persons who are not duly and practically appreciative of the appendicitis operation ought not to have obituary notices in the newspapers at all. To tell about them simply does harm, embarrassing our skilful and faithful surgeons (who are doing their level best, as everybody is aware), and giving subsequent appendicitis patients just so much more unwholesome preliminary scare.

A contributor to this Department of the **Weekly** lately called Shakespeare to witness that the freaks of the vermiform appendix were no new thing, but seemed to have been recognized and understood in the times of Elizabeth. Impressed by his argument, another correspondent finds a hint of contemporary vehicles in certain lines of "Tam o' Shanter," to wit:

> As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
> When plundering herds assail their byke!

Candor compels a doubt whether the prescience suggested by this latter quotation will wash.

The London *Times* has discovered and discloses that "very few people really care to read poetry in a large volume; crown 8vo is quite big enough, and if the volume fails to reach its hundredth page so much the better." The London *News* thinks that in most cases the poetry that people read before they are twenty has to last them through life, since after that age they read very little of it. These observations, made for England, seem equally applicable to America. Comparatively few adult American readers trouble their wits with poetry at all, and most of those few try strenuously to get the most possible poetry in the least bulk, and to assimilate it at least cost of time and effort. Occasionally one happens on some intellectual person who makes a regular practice of feeding her mind on poetry, both old and new, and who nibbles at the new offerings and tries their quality in a pure quest for pleasure. But there is a dearth of such readers. There cannot be more than one or two thousand of them among the whole sixty odd millions of contemporary Americans. The other day the *Chap-Book* asked some questions of its readers bearing upon their habits of browsing in the vales of verse.

One of these questions was: "Excepting contemporaneous poetry, is your present reading of verse practically limited to the selections in the *Golden Treasury?*" It interested the present paragrapher a good deal to know that the practice of absorbing condensed poetry in small doses out of the *Golden Treasury* was so common as to be recognized as one of the more prevalent means of obtaining poetical nourishment. Palgrave has put poetry up in small compass convenient for use, just as the contemporary manufacturing chemists put up every kind of mixture in little tablets, which may be carried in the pocket and swallowed off-hand.

Was the objection ever made to a new volume of verse by any one but a publisher that it was too thin? What the London *Times* says of volumes that do not reach the hundredth page seems entirely sound.

E. S. Martin.

A NATIONAL THEATRE.

Signs clearly recognizable to the initiate are abundant regarding the establishment and support of what has come to be called a National Theatre. It has been discussed in dramatic circles; it has been written about to the daily papers; it has been lectured upon. It is the subject of a bill before the present Congress.

So far as I can gather, and the subject has much interested me, the idea of a National Theatre presents itself in about the same shape to all who advocate it, but the means for establishing and sustaining it are, according to one set of believers, to be derived from the state, while the other set hold that the money must come from voluntary private endowment. From the side of artistic excellence and independence, as well as from the side of "practical politics," I reject the idea of seeking a government foundation. To my mind, unless some of our extremely wealthy well-doers furnish the funds, a National Theatre will not be founded.

The desirability, the usefulness, the scope, of a National Theatre are subjects for discussion, no matter whence the money is to come.

A National Theatre, in the minds of those who have seriously considered it, would be a theatre at the dramatic centre of the United States, devoted to the highest art, where the best of tragedy and comedy would be staged and acted in the best manner, giving frequent place to worthy American work, and so fostering and focalizing the dramatic genius and performing skill of a continent. I add to this that it should be an endowed theatre, free of the ordinary financial drawbacks of management—so endowed, in fact, as to be from its beginning not a hazardous experiment or a speculation, but an institution.

This endowment would call for a capital of about one million dollars—a certain amount to be expended in building and equipping, and the remainder to furnish an income to assure its healthy existence.

The obvious model for the institution is the Théâtre Français. Francisque Sarcey, the eminent French critic, has said, and truly, in his London lecture of 1879, that the Théâtre Français, with its two centuries of growth, its compact and complete organization, its "current répertoire" of one hundred plays, each one playable at twenty-four hours' notice, is not to be reproduced in all its details outside of France. But, with certain modifications suitable to our circumstances, it will still serve as a model.

The Théâtre Français is, as a building, rent free, and, as an institution, receives an income or subvention from the state of about $48,000 a year. These are conditions surely which can be duplicated here by private munificence. In its essence it is a theatre devoted to the presentation of the higher drama, which means there almost exclusively French drama. Here it would mean something fuller and broader, namely, the best not only of the English drama, but the best plays of the world that can be done into English. Our cosmopolitanism is the broadest in the world, and our National Theatre would reflect that, while gradually aiding by precious example and sympathy the formation of a national drama of our own. It would be, as the Théâtre Français is, a bulwark of high dramatic art; not always, perhaps, the leader in dramatic enterprise—we are too broad and free to have any one theatre absorb all progressive initiative—but always a rallying-point for, an authority on, what makes for the best in dramatic composition and presentation. The *personnel* of the Théâtre Français could be advantageously copied, both as to its direction and its selection and retention of players, and as to its rotation in the presenting of plays. Much in the Paris house depends on the artistic instinct of its director. In America the reasons for his selection on that ground alone, and his independence of all outside influences, would be doubled. The precise model for the building itself may be left to the architects. It would have all the mechanical means of producing plays perfectly, but it would also provide handsomely for all classes of its audience. This would call for some change in the usual seating areas, which, in American theatres at least, are somewhat frankly designed to force all comers into the more expensive chairs. For the National Theatre would put forth its broad appeal to the masses as well as the classes, and teach them—at their own price—that art in its best form is as desirable as it is human and all-embracing.

What claims, it may well be asked, would such a theatre have to be considered a National Theatre? Under our "go-as-you-please" democracy, what would be its authority? The answer to the first question is that it would simply represent a well-equipped fixed aspiration after the highest aims of national dramatic art. Its authority would, like the Comédie Française, arise exclusively from its excellence.

At present nothing of the kind exists in America. We have some few managers who struggle to present worthy plays. We have a few excellent actors who find pleasure as well as profit in enacting the higher rôles, but a commercialism that continually trends downward has, for the most part, possession of our stage.

The writer for the American theatre has no incentive to the higher forms of his art. The American student who might become a playwright has no chance of seeing the best plays outside of books, and so he can never in the higher drama attain a knowledge, for instance, of the vital difference between "movement" and "action"—a rock on which so many of our littérateurs have split their dramatic barks in turning from their novels to dash off a play. When we continually concede the superior craftsmanship of the French dramatists, do we give thought to the formative influence of the Théâtre Français upon the young minds of France? The future of the American playwright is intimately bound up with the establishment of a National Theatre.

And what a future invites him! For some of his products he has the entire English-speaking race in his market. But his "home market" is the greatest in the world. The length and breadth of the Union and the Dominion of Canada, the homes of 75,000,000 people, at present offering him over 3000 theatres for his wares. Shall he be given an object to essay some ennobling work in catering for them, or shall he sink to the level of the Jack Pudding of "vaudeville"?

To the actor the need of an American centre of his art with some claim to artistic authority is a crying one. There are at present over 500 organized companies roaming up and down the land supplying the performances, besides the scattered Croats and Dalmatians who travel simply in pairs or little groups. In this army of players we find a handful of the first class, or very near it, and below them brigades of wretched performers. With the latter the plays or pieces they present are of lower and lower grade. The mixed performance known formerly and correctly as "variety," but later as "vaudeville," gains every day, until it threatens to absorb all.

It has been said that wherever in the conquest of the New World the civilized pioneer forgathered with the redskin, the Indian blanket finally enveloped him, and Indian ways became his ways. We are now witnessing scores of our relatively good players putting on the barbarous blanket of the "continuous performance." The chance of their remaining *déclassés* as artists is very great. Hence the note of aspiration which has long been sounded among the thoughtful for a National Theatre has been quickened with a note of alarm at this hastening degeneracy of the stage. The actor would be thankful who could see a banner of hope lifted for him in a National Theatre.

Once financially founded, the National Theatre would have no lack of material. If the French theatre had its Molière, its Racine, and its Corneille, our theatre would have Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goethe, Schiller, as well as the French classics and romanticists, to draw upon. We are in the drama, as in other things, "the heirs of the ages." Modern excellence would be as welcome as old authority. American play-writing, stimulated by nearness to greatness would prosper, taking on dignity and high purpose. The acting might not at first be all that the most critical could desire, but with preparation robbed of its indecent haste, with an ideal of performance held before it, the actors would improve in loss of self-consciousness and in devotion to art, gradually attaining that wonderful *ensemble* playing for which alone the Théâtre Français is worth all the cost of its two centuries of national nurture. I feel certain that the proper director and a more than respectable histrionic group could be found to give our National Theatre its first impetus. Further, I will allege that among our artists and archæologists the highest possibilities of stage-setting could be quickly attained.

To those who have the well-being of the people at heart, as well as to those with high art ideals, the betterment of the amusements of a people is a benefit worth a struggle. While we are concerning ourselves so about our churches, our libraries, our museums, our picture-galleries, and our schools, why should no care be taken for that art which is the great living school of human nature—which is moralist, teacher, repository of the past, and plastic with all the varied beauty of humanity itself? The masses go to the theatre for better or worse. Why should we look on unhelping, indifferent, while the tendency is mostly for the worse? Not only on its audiences, but on other theatres, would a National Theatre exercise its wholesome influence. Through and through the French stage is artistically the finest in the world. To the fixed star of the Théâtre Français this is assuredly attributable. Defective as the English stage is from the same point of view, it dates a great part of the general excellence of its playing from the visit of the great French company to London in 1879, and from that of the similarly disciplined Meiningen company, by whom *Julius Cæsar* was presented to an English public as no English company had ever presented it.

Around such a theatre, and as a part of its organization, would grow up a conservatory of acting for carefully selected beginners. In its curriculum elocution would have a real meaning, wherein the soul of an impersonation would be taught as well as the words of the part. It would not be a hot-house for forcing a brood of immature young people into distressing travesties of the great rôles of the stage, but a carefully directed college of the art in all its allied branches. Indistinctness of utterance, uncertainties of pronunciation, vagueness of conception, flatness of portrayal, would become cardinal sins, instead of, as at present, venial infirmities. It could not help alleviating the direness of much that nowadays is felt to be past correction. It would make artists, instead of merely labelling its young men and women as "professionals." That would be worth something.

With a National Theatre at the dramatic centre of the United States giving an ever-increasing round of great plays, occasionally perhaps sending its company to other cities, and always holding up the banner of dramatic art and progress, there would be hopefulness where there is now uneasiness, not to say dismay. Is not all that a fruitful thing to consider?

Joseph I. C. Clarke.

SHELLS.

Where the long waves put cool, caressing hands
  Upon the fevered temples of the shore,
  And with their eager lips are telling o'er
Their strange, unspoken secrets to the sands,
Along the shining rim of cape and cove
  The shells in fair, unplanned mosaic lie,
  And there the children, keen of heart and eye,
Gather their harvest in of treasure-trove.
Yet this is one of ocean's mysteries—
  That, while the humbler shells the breakers brave,
  The fairest are most fragile, and the wave,
Ruthless, has crushed and mutilated these!

Ah, sea of life, we, too, like children, stand
  Through youth and age, expectant, at thy rim,
  To pray for golden argosies from Him
Who holds thee in the hollow of His hand;
Capricious tides delude us, veer and turn,
  And flash our dreams to view, again to hide;
  A moment on the breaker's crest they ride,
The while we watch, their destiny to learn.
Poor, fragile dreams! Our humbler hopes befall;
  But, crushed and shattered, tempest-tossed and torn,
  These come to shore, the dreams of youthful morn,
Most fair, most frail, yet best beloved of all!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

London, April 14, 1897.

Sir Henry Irving triumphed once more on Saturday night, as Napoleon in Sardou's play of *Madame Sans-Gêne.* I delight in Irving, for he never disappoints. He may do better in one part than another, but over a series of years, taking one play after another, when the curtain goes down on the last act we inevitably acknowledge that we have been well treated. Napoleon was a short, fat, puffy body, with a tongue of brass that rattled out unfinished sentences with the glibness and penetration of an auctioneer. Sir Henry is a tall, slim, dignified, archiepiscopal personage breathing the atmosphere of a Hamlet or a Wolsey. On this occasion he purposely took the part of Napoleon in order to have a rest, for in *Madame Sans-Gêne* Napoleon does not come on the stage until the play is more than half over. The drama is wonderfully true to history—indeed, there is not a line that does not awaken historic associations. To understand the spirit of the Napoleonic era one could not do better than see this play. It is about time that I grew sated with it, for I have seen it very many times, not merely in Paris, but in Berlin and Vienna as well. Every time that I see it I enjoy it more, and it is strong praise when one can honestly say that the performance at the Lyceum is not spoiled by one's having already witnessed *Sans-Gêne* in Paris.

Scandal-mongers have sent abroad a story suggesting that Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry had quarrelled. This is false, and it is a pleasure to try to arrest such a malicious falsehood. It is a rare thing for dramatic friendships to last. It would be hard to picture the loss which the stage would suffer if these two forces should disunite, and each go its own way in search of a divided public.

Mark Twain last night wrote the last lines of his new book, which embodies his experiences made in a recent trip around the world. There are some two hundred thousand words in this work, and it has cost him many months of hard work. He is in good health, I am happy to say, living in retirement in a modest Chelsea house fronting upon a little green square. There is no happier family picture than that of Mark Twain to-day consulting with his wife over the suitability of some anecdote for publication, or adjusting a difficult part of the bicycles in which his daughters delight. The Mark Twain family is a picture of domestic contentment, in spite of the dark clouds that have conspired to rob it of much that makes life worth living.

Beneath the surface of the magnificent Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria there are one or two family currents that do not flow pleasantly. No sovereigns, for instance, are to be present on this occasion, for the reason that the Queen does not feel able to entertain her grandson of Germany. The Queen is a Hanoverian, a direct descendant of George III., and Brunswick is the cradle of the Queen's race. The Duke of Brunswick is supplanted by a Prussian prince, who lives in that province as a Prussian viceroy, and is still regarded as a usurper by many legitimatists.

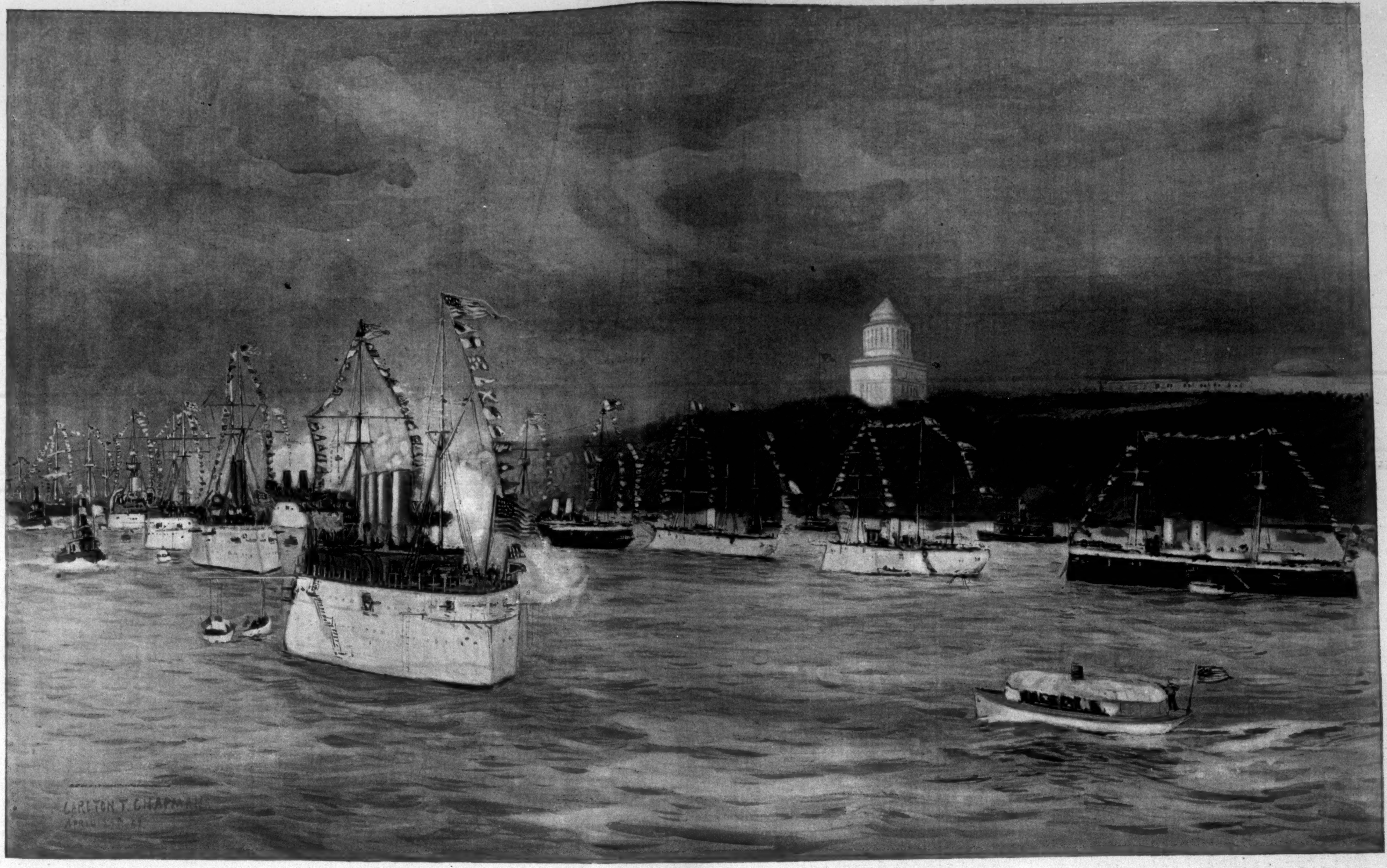
The German Emperor had proposed to send this Prussian prince as his representative to the family jubilee of his Hanoverian grandmother. He would, in England, have met the Duke of Cumberland, whose father was driven from the Hanoverian throne in 1866, and who but for that would to-day be himself King of Hanover and Duke of Brunswick. Queen Victoria is a marvellous manager in matters of etiquette, and we have yet to hear of any crowned head who can teach her the business of kingcraft. She at once wrote to her grandson in Germany, ignoring entirely the name of the Prussian Prince who had been proposed as the Emperor's substitute. But in this letter she pointedly remarked that she would expect as her guest the Emperor's brother Henry, for whom she has a sincere regard, for he is a sailor through and through, unpretentious, hearty, manly, and modest.

I wonder if it can be true that the German government has declined to send a man-of-war to participate in the festivities incident to the Grant monument dedication. If true, it is very strange, for Spain, with whom we were some months ago nearly at war, and who has all her military resources strained to the utmost, responded at once to our invitation.

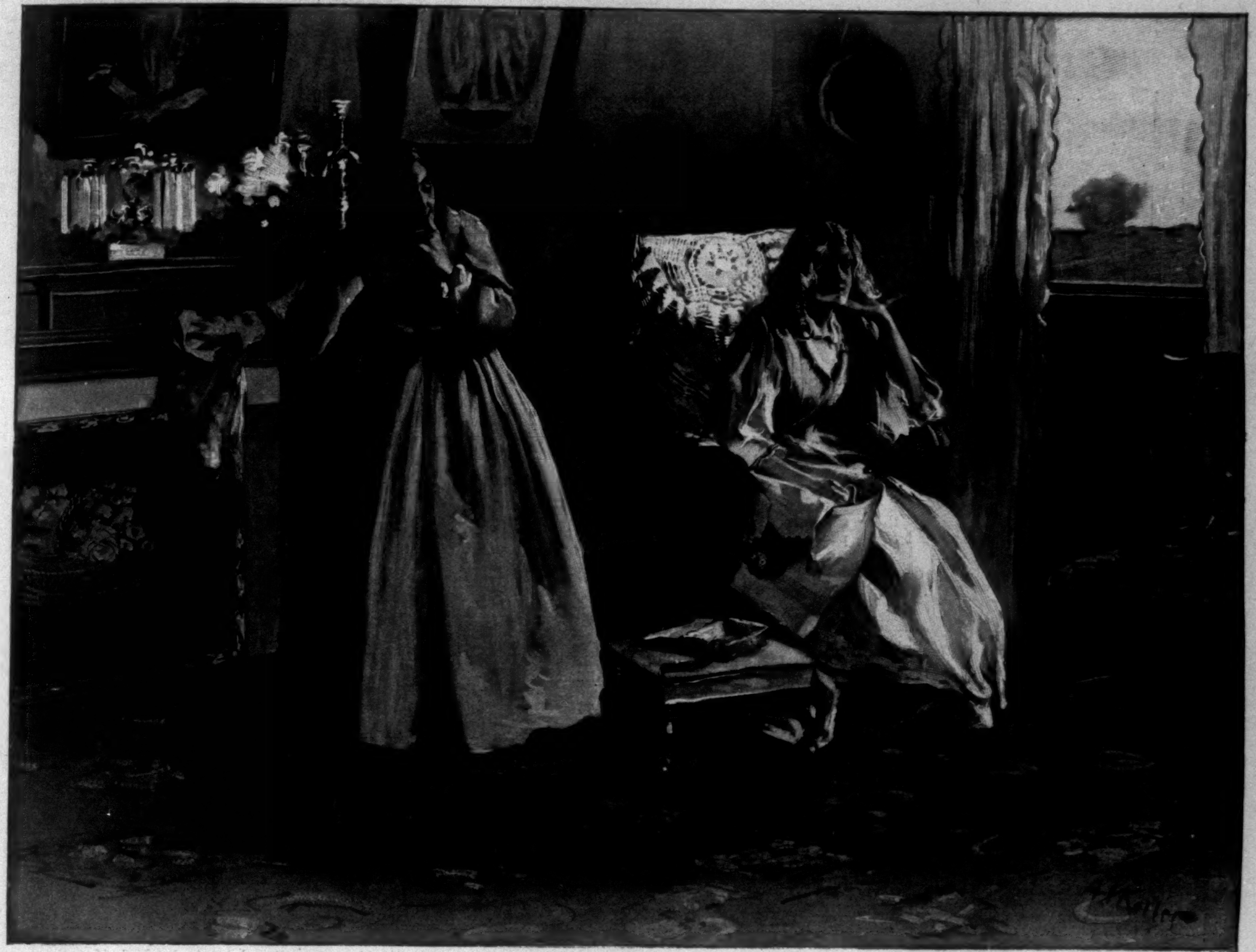
If this is the doing of Prime-Minister Prince Hohenlohe, I shall not be surprised, considering his general previous attitude towards American interests with Germany. Worse than that, he does not appear to have any great yearning in the direction of speaking frankly in opposition to the Emperor.

Carl Peters, the German who has done more than any other man to give his country the doubtful glory of a colonial empire, appears at present to be in disgrace with his government, for reasons that are not obvious. He was high in favor during the opening of the Baltic Canal, and in the many talks I had with him I was much impressed by his knowledge and his vigorous manner of presenting it. He is the founder of German East Africa, and it was he who fitted out the German expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. Of course in Germany he vigorously abused all things English, especially when they conflicted with the interests of colonial Germany. But aside from this pardonable political humbug, no man knows England better, or appreciates her services in Africa more highly, than Carl Peters. He is just now in London fitting out another African expedition, about which he throws considerable mystery. He deserves success, for he has great physical strength combined with mental equipment of the first order. He has travelled in every part of the world, and has a mind ready to acknowledge what is good in different systems. It is melancholy to reflect that this man, only forty years old, and who yet has lived long enough to see the German flag carried into the heart of Africa—thanks to his courage and enterprise—that such a man should be by Germany turned adrift, while the Colonial Office in Berlin is lumbered up with a set of bureaucratic pedagogues, the whole volume of whose learning and training is practically valueless.

Poultney Bigelow.


CARLTON T. CHAPMAN
APRIL 27th 97

THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—THE MARINE DISPLAY ON THE HUDSON RIVER—FIRING THE PRESIDENT'S SALUTE.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.—[SEE PAGE 475.]



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LUCINA in those days was occupied with some pieces of embroidery in gay wools on cloth. There were varied designs of little dogs with bead eyes, baskets of flowers, wreaths, and birds on sprays. She had an ambition to embroider a whole set of parlor chairs, as some young ladies in her school had done, and there was in her mind a dim and scarcely admitted fancy that these same chairs might add state to some future condition of hers.

Lucina had always innocently taken it for granted that she should some day be married, and have a house of her own, and very near her father's. When she had begun the embroidery, she had furnished a shadowy little parlor of a shadowy house with fine chairs, and admitted at the parlor door a dim and stately presence, so shadowy to her timid maiden fancy that there was scarcely a suggestion of substance.

Now, however, the shadow seemed to deepen and clear in outline. Lucina fell to wondering if Jerome Edwards thought embroidered chairs pretty or silly. Often she would pause in her counting and setting even crossbarred stitches, lean her soft cheek on her slender white hand, and sit so a long while, with her fair curls drooping over her gentle brooding face. Her mother often noticed her sitting so, and thought, partly from quick maternal intuition, partly from knowledge gained from her own experience, that if it were possible she should judge her to have had her heart turned to some maiden fancy. But she knew that Lucina had cared for none of her lovers away from home, and at home there were none feasible, unless perhaps Lawrence Prescott. Lawrence had not been to see her lately; could it be possible the child was hurt by it? Abigail sounded cautiously the depths of her daughter's heart, and found, to her satisfaction, no image of Lawrence Prescott therein.

"Lawrence is a good boy," said Lucina. "It is a pity he is no taller and looks so like his father; but he is very good. I do think, though, he might go to ride with me sometimes, and save father from going. I would rather have father, but I know he does not like to ride. Lawrence had been planning to go to ride with me all through the summer. It was strange he stopped, was it not, mother?"

"Perhaps he is busy. I saw him driving with his father the other day," said Abigail.

"Well, perhaps he is," said Lucina, easily. Then she asked advice as to this or that shade in the ears of the little poodle-dog which she was embroidering.

"Lucina is as transparent as glass," her mother thought. "She could never speak of Lawrence Prescott in that way if she were in love with him, and there is no one else in town."

Abigail Merritt, acute and tender mother as she was, settled into the belief that her daughter was merely given to those melancholy and wondering reveries natural to a maiden soul upon the threshold of discovery of life. "I used to do just so, busy as I was, before Eben came," she thought, with a little pang of impatient shame for herself and her daughter that they must yield to such necessities of their natures. Abigail Merritt had never been a rebel, indeed, but there had been unruly possibilities within her. She remembered well what she had told her mother when her vague dreams had ended and Eben Merritt had come a-wooing. "I like him, and I suppose, because I like him, I've got to marry him; but it makes me mad, mother."

Looking now at this daughter of hers, with her exceeding beauty and delicacy, which a touch would seem to profane and soil as much as those of a flower or butterfly, she had an impulse to hide her away, and cover her always from the sight and handling of all except maternal love. She took much comfort in the surety that there was as yet no definite lover in Lucina's horizon. She did not reflect that no human soul is too transparent to be clouded to the vision of others and its own by the sacred intimacy with its own desires. Her daughter, looking up at her with limpid blue eyes, replying to her interrogation with sweet readiness, like a bird that would pipe to a call, was as darkly unknown to her as one beyond the grave. She could not even spell out clearly her hieroglyphics of life with the key in her own nature.

The day after Lucina had met Jerome on the Dale road, and had failed to set the matter right, she took her embroidery-work over to her aunt Camilla's. She had resolved upon a plan which was to her quite desperate, involving as it did some duplicity of manœuvre which shocked her.

The afternoon was a warm one, and she easily induced, as she had hoped, her aunt Camilla to sit in the summer-house in the garden. Everything was very little changed from that old summer afternoon of years ago. If Miss Camilla had altered, it had been with such a fine conservation of general effect, in spite of varying detail, that the alteration was scarcely visible. She wore the same softly spreading lilac gown; she wrote on her portfolio with the same gold pencil, presumably the same thoughts. If her drooping curls were faded and cast lighter shadows over thinner cheeks, one could more easily attribute the dimness and thinness to the lack of one's own memory than to change in her.

The garden was the same, sweetening with the ardor of pinks and mignonette, the tasted breaths of thyme and lavender like underthoughts of reason, and the pungent evidence of box.

Lucina looked out of the green gloom of the summer-house at the same old carnival of flowers, swarming as lightly as if untethered by stems, upon wings of pink and white and purpling blue, blazing out to sight as with a very rustle of color from the hearts of green bushes and the sides of tall green-sheathed stalks, with spikes and plumes and soft rosettes of silken bloom. Even the yellow cats of Miss Camilla's famous breed, inheriting the love of their ancestors for following the steps of their mistress, came presently between the box rows with the soft, sly glide of the jungle, and established themselves for a siesta on the arbor bench.

Lucina was glad that it was all so like what it had been, even to the yellow cats, seeming scarcely more than a second rendering of a tune, and it made it possible for her to open so truthfully and easily upon her plan. She herself, whose mind was so changed from its old childish habit of simple outlook and waiting into personal effort for its own ends, and whose body was so advanced in growth of grace, was perhaps the most altered of all. However, there was much of the child left in her.

"Aunt Camilla"—said she, in almost the same tone of timid deprecation which the little Lucina of years before might have used.

Camilla looked up with gentle inquiry from her portfolio.

"I have been thinking," said Lucina, bending low over her embroidery, that her aunt might not see the pink confusion of her face, which she could not, after all, control, "how I came here and spent the afternoon once years ago. Do you remember?"

"You came here often, did you not, dear?"

"Yes," said Lucina, "but that once in particular, Aunt Camilla?"

"I fear I do not remember, dear," said Camilla, whose past had been for years a peaceful monotone as to her own emotions, and had so established a similar monotone of memory.

"Don't you remember, Aunt Camilla, I came first with a stent to knit on a garter, and we sat out here? Then the yellow cats came, and father had been fishing, and he brought some speckled trout, and—then—the Edwards boy—"

"Oh, the little boy I had to weed my garden—a good little boy," Camilla said.

Lucina winced a little. She did not quite like Jerome to be spoken of in that mildly reminiscent way.

"He's grown up now, you know, Aunt Camilla," said she.

"Yes, my dear, and he is as good a young man as he was a boy, I hear."

"Father speaks very highly of him," said Lucina, with a soft tremor and mounting of color, to which her aunt responded sensitively.

People said that Camilla Merritt never had a lover, but the same wind can strike the same face of the heart.

"I have heard him very highly spoken of," she agreed, and there was a betraying quiver in her voice also.

"We had plum cake, and tea in the pink cups, don't you remember, Aunt Camilla?"

"So many times we had them, did we not, dear?"

"Yes, but that one time?"

"I fear that I cannot distinguish that time from the others, dear."

There was a pause. Lucina took a few more stitches on her embroidery. Miss Camilla poised her gold pencil reflectively over her portfolio.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

"Aunt Camilla," said Lucina then.

"Well, dear?"

"I have been thinking how pleasant it would be to have another little tea party here in the arbor. Would you have any objections?"

"My dear Lucina!" cried Miss Camilla, and looked at her niece with gentle delight at the suggestion.

The early situation was not reversed, for Lucina still admired and revered her aunt as the realization of her farthest ideal of ladyhood; but Miss Camilla fully reciprocated. The pride in her heart for her beautiful niece was stronger than any which she had ever felt for herself. She pictured Lucina instead of herself to her fancy; she seemed to almost see Lucina's face instead of her own in her looking-glass. When it came to giving Lucina a pleasure, she gave twofold.

"Thank you, Aunt Camilla," said Lucina, delightedly, and yet with a little confusion. She felt very guilty; still, how could she tell her aunt all her reasons for wishing the party?

"Shall we have your father and mother, or only young people, dear?" asked Miss Camilla.

"Only young people, I think, aunt. Mother comes any time, and as for father, he would rather go fishing."

"You would like the Edwards boy, since he came so long ago."

"Yes, I think so, aunt."

"He is poor and works hard, and has not been in fine company much, I presume, but that is nothing against him. He will enjoy it all the more, if he is not too shy. You do not think he is too shy to enjoy it, dear?"

"I should never have known, from his manners at my party, that he had not been in fine company all his life. He is not like the other young men in Upham," protested Lucina, with a quick rise of spirit.

"Well, I used to hear your grandfather say that there are those who can suit their steps to any gait," her aunt said. "I understand that he is a very good young man. We will have him, and—?"

"I think his sister," said Lucina; "she is such a pretty girl—the prettiest girl in the village—and it will please her so to be asked."

"The Edwards boy and his sister, and who else?"

"No one else, I think, Aunt Camilla, except Lawrence Prescott. There will not be room for more in the arbor."

Lucina did not blush when she said Lawrence Prescott, but her aunt did. She had often romanced about the two. "Well, dear," she said, "when shall we have the tea party?"

"Day after to-morrow, please, Aunt Camilla."

"That will give 'Liza time to make cake," said Camilla. "I will send the invitations to-morrow, dear."

"'Liza will be too busy cake-making to run on errands," said Lucina, though her heart smote her, for this was where the true gist of her duplicity came in. "Write them now, Aunt Camilla, and give them to me. I will see that they are delivered."

The afternoon of the next day, Lucina, being out riding, passed Doctor Prescott's house, and called to Jake Noyes in the yard to take Miss Camilla's little gilt-edged, lavender-scented note of invitation. "Please give this to Mr. Lawrence," said she, prettily, and rode on. The other notes were in her pocket, but she had not delivered them when she returned home at sunset.

"I am going to run over to Elmira Edwards and carry them," she told her mother after supper, and pleaded that she would like the air when Mrs. Merritt suggested that Hannah be sent.

Thus it happened that Jerome Edwards, coming home about nine o'clock that night, noticed the moment he opened the outer door, the breath of roses and lavender, and a subtle thrill of excitement and almost fear passed over him. "Who is it?" he thought. He listened, and heard voices in the parlor. He wanted to pass the door, but he could not. He opened it and peered in, white-faced and wild-eyed, and there was Lucina with his mother and sister.

Mrs. Edwards and Elmira looked nervously flushed and elated; there were bright spots on their cheeks; their eyes shone. On the table were Miss Camilla's little gilt-edged missives. Lucina was somewhat pale, and she had been furtively watchful and listening. When Jerome opened the door, her look changed to one of relief, which had yet a certain terror and confusion in it. She rose at once, bowed gracefully until the hem of her muslin skirt swept the floor, and bade Jerome good-evening. As for Jerome, he stood still, looking at her.

"Why, Jerome, don't you see who 'tis?" cried his mother, in her sharp, excited voice, yet with an encouraging smile—the smile of a mother who would put a child upon its best behavior for the sake of her own pride.

Jerome murmured good-evening. He made a desperate grasp at his self-possession, but scarcely succeeded.

Lucina pulled a little fleecy white wrap over her head, and immediately took leave. Jerome stood aside to let her pass. Elmira followed her to the outer door, and his mother called him in a sharp whisper, "J'rome, come here."

When he had reached his mother's side, she pinched his arm hard. "Go home with her," she whispered.

Jerome stared at her.

"Do ye hear what I said? Go home with her."

"I can't," he almost groaned then.

"Can't? Ain't you ashamed of yourself? What ails ye? Lettin' of a lady like her go home all alone this dark night."

Elmira ran back into the parlor. "Oh, J'rome, you ought to go with her—you ought to," she cried, softly. "It's real dark. She felt it, I know. She looked real sober. Run after her, quick, Jerome."

"When she came to invite you to a party, too," said Mrs. Edwards; but Jerome did not hear that; he was out of the house and hurrying up the road after Lucina.

She had not gone far. Jerome did not know what to say when he overtook her, so he said nothing—he merely walked along by her side. A great anger at himself that he had almost let this tender and beautiful creature go out alone in the night and the dark was over him, but he knew not what to say for excuse.

He wondered pitifully if she were so indignant that she did not like him to walk home with her now. But in a moment Lucina spoke, and her voice, though a little tremulous, was full of the utmost sweetness of kindness.

"I fear you are too tired to walk home with me," she said, "and I am not afraid to go by myself."

"No, it is too dark for you to go alone; I am not tired," replied Jerome, quickly, and almost roughly, to hide the tumult of his heart.

But Lucina did not understand that. "I am not afraid," she repeated, in a little grieved and anxious way; "please leave me at the turn of the road; I am truly not afraid."

"No, it is too dark for you to go alone," said Jerome hoarsely again. It came to him that he should offer her his arm, but he dared not trust his voice for that. He reached down, caught her hand, and thrust it through his arm, thinking, with a thrill of terror as he did so, that she would draw it away; but she did not.

She leant so slightly on his arm that it seemed more the inclination of spirit than matter, but still she accepted his support, and walked along easily at his side. So far from her resenting his summary taking of her hand, she was grateful with the humble gratitude of the primeval woman for the kindness of a master whom she has made wroth.

Lucina had attributed Jerome's stiffness at sight of her and his delay in accompanying her home to her unkind treatment of him. Now he showed signs of forgiveness, her courage returned. When they had passed the turn of the road, and were on the main street, she spoke quite sweetly and calmly. "There is something I have been wanting to say to you," said she; "I tried to say it the other night when I was riding and met you, but I did not succeed very well. What I wanted to say was: I fear that when you suggested coming to see me the Sunday night after my party I did not seem cordial enough, and make you understand that I should be very happy to see you, and that was why you did not come."

"O—h!" said Jerome, with a long-drawn breath of wonder and despair. He had been thinking that he had offended her beyond forgiveness, and of his own choice, and she, with her sweet humility, was twice suing him for pardon.

"I am very sorry," Lucina said, softly.

"That was not the reason why I did not come," Jerome gasped.

"Then you were not hurt?"

"No; I—thought you spoke as if you would like to have me come—"

"Perhaps you were ill," Lucina said, hesitatingly.

"No, I was not. I did not—"

"Oh, it was not because you did not want to come," Lucina cried out, quickly, and yet with exceeding gentleness and sad wonder that he should force such a suspicion upon her.

"No, it was not. I—wanted to come more than— I wanted to come, but—I did not think it—best." Jerome said the last so defiantly that poor Lucina started.

"But it was because of nothing I had said, and it was not because you did not want to?" she said, piteously.

"No," said Jerome. Then he said again, as if he found strength in the repetition, "I did not think it best."

"I thought you were coming that night," Lucina said, with scarcely the faintest touch of reproach, but with more of wonder. Why should he not have thought it best?

"I am sorry," said Jerome; "I wanted to tell you, but I had no reason to give, and I—thought you might not understand."

Lucina made no reply. The path narrowed just there, and gave her an excuse for quitting Jerome's arm. She did so with a gentle murmur of explanation, for she could do nothing abruptly, then went on before him swiftly. Her white shawl hung from her head to her waist in sharp slants. She moved through the dusk with the evanescent flit of a white moth.

"Of course," stammered Jerome, painfully and boyishly, "I—knew—you would not care if—I did not come. It was not as if—I had thought you—would."

Lucina said nothing to that either. Jerome thought that she did not hear, or hearing, agreed with what he said.

Soon, however, Lucina spoke, without turning her head. "I can understand," said she, with the gentlest and yet the most complete dignity, for she spoke from her goodness of heart, "that a person has often to do what he thinks best, and not explain it to any other person, because it is between him and his own conscience. I am quite sure that you had some very good reason for not coming to see me that Sunday night, and you need not tell me what it was. I am very glad you did not, as I feared, stay away because I had not treated you with courtesy. Now we will say no more about it." With that, the path being a little wider, she came to his side again, and looked up in his face with the most innocent friendliness and forgiveness in hers.

Jerome could have gone down at her feet and worshipped her.

"What a beautiful night it is!" said Lucina, tilting her face up toward the stars.

"Beautiful," said Jerome, looking at her breathlessly.

"I never saw the stars so thick," said she, musingly. "Everybody has his own star, you know. I wonder which my star is, and yours? Did you ever think of it?"

"I guess my star isn't there," said Jerome.

"Why, yes," said Lucina, earnestly, "it must be."

"No, it isn't there," repeated Jerome, with a soft emphasis on the last word.

Lucina looked up at him, then her eyes fell before his. She laughed confusedly. "Did you know what I came to your house to-night for?" said she, trying to speak unconsciously.

"To see Elmira?"

"No. To give both of you an invitation to tea at Aunt Camilla's to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Jerome, "but—"

"You cannot come?"

"No, I am afraid not."

"The tea is to be in the arbor in the garden, the way it was that other time when we were both children; there is to be plum cake and the best pink cups. Nobody is asked but you and your sister and Lawrence Prescott," said Lucina, but with no insistence in her voice. Her gentle pride was up.

"I am very much obliged, but I am afraid I can't come," Jerome said, pleadingly.

Lucina did not say another word.

Jerome glanced down at her, and her fair face between folds of her white shawl had a look which smote his heart, so full of maidenly dignity, and yet of the surprise of pain, it was.

A new consideration came to Jerome. "Why should I stay away from her, refuse all her little invitations, and treat her so?" he thought. "What if I do get to wanting her more and am hurt, if it pleases her? There is no danger for her; she does not care about me, and will not. The suffering will all be on my side. I guess I can bear it; if it pleases her to have me come, I will do it. I have been thinking only of myself, and what is a hurt to me compared with a little pleasure for her? She has asked me to this tea party, and here I am hurting her by refusing, because I am so afraid of getting hurt myself!"

Suddenly Jerome looked at Lucina, with a patient and tender smile that her father might have worn for her. "I shall be very happy to come," said he.

"Not unless you can make it perfectly convenient," Lucina replied, with cold sweetness. "I would rather not urge you."

"It will be perfectly convenient," said Jerome. "I thought at first I ought not to go, that was all."

"Of course Aunt Camilla and I will be very happy to have you come, if you can," said Lucina. Still she was not appeased. Jerome's hesitating acceptance of this last invitation had hurt her more than all that had gone before. She began to wish, with a great pang of shame, that she had not gone to his house that night, had not tried to see him, had not proposed this miserable party. Perhaps he did mean to slight her, after all, though nobody ever had before; and how she had followed him up!

She walked on very fast; they were nearly home. When they reached her gate she said good-night quickly, and would have gone in without another word, but Jerome stopped her. He had begun to understand her understanding of it all, and had taken a sudden resolution. "Better anything than she should think herself shamed and slighted," he told himself.

"Will you wait just a minute?" he said. "I've got something I want to say."

Lucina waited, her face averted.

"I've made up my mind to tell you why I thought I ought not to come that Sunday night," said Jerome. "I didn't think of telling you, but I can see now that you may think I meant to slight you if I don't. I did not think at first that you could dream I *could* slight anybody like you, and not want to go to see you, but I begin to see that you don't just know how every one looks at you.

"I thought I ought not to come, because all of a sudden I found out that I was what they call in love with you."

Lucina stood perfectly still, her face turned away.

"I hope you are not offended," said Jerome. "I know of course that there is no question of—your liking me. I would not want you to. I am not telling you for that, but only that you may not feel hurt because I slighted your invitation the other night, and because I thought at first I could not accept this. But I was foolish about it, I guess. If you would like to have me come, that is enough."

"You have not known me long enough to like me," said Lucina, in a very small, sweet voice, still keeping her face averted.

"I guess time don't count much in anything like this," said Jerome.

"Well," said Lucina, with a soft, long breath, "I cannot see why your liking me should hinder you from coming."

"I guess you're right; it shouldn't, if you want me to come."

"Why did you ever think it should?" Lucina flashed her blue eyes around at him a second, then looked away again.

"I was afraid if—I saw you too often I should want to marry you so much that I should want nothing else, not even to help other people," said Jerome.

"Why need you think about marrying? Why can't you come to see me like a friend? Why can't we be happy so?" asked Lucina, with a kind of wistful petulance.

"I needn't think of it, and we can."

"I don't want to think about marrying yet," said Lucina. "I don't know as I shall ever marry. I don't see why you should think so much about that."

"I don't," said Jerome. "I shall never marry."

"You will, some time," Lucina said, softly.

"No, I never shall."

Lucina turned. "I must go in," said she.

Her hand and Jerome's found each other with seemingly no volition of their own. "I am glad you didn't come because you didn't like me," Lucina said, softly, "and we can be friends, and no need of thinking of that other."

"Yes," Jerome said, all of a tremble under her touch, "and—you don't feel offended because I told you?"

"No; only I can't see why you staid away for that."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OFFICE-SEEKER.

FROM THE "STYGIAN GAZETTE."

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the greatest day in all my whole career,
Of all my mad career, mother, the grandest, greatest day,
For I am told an office from McKinley's on the way.

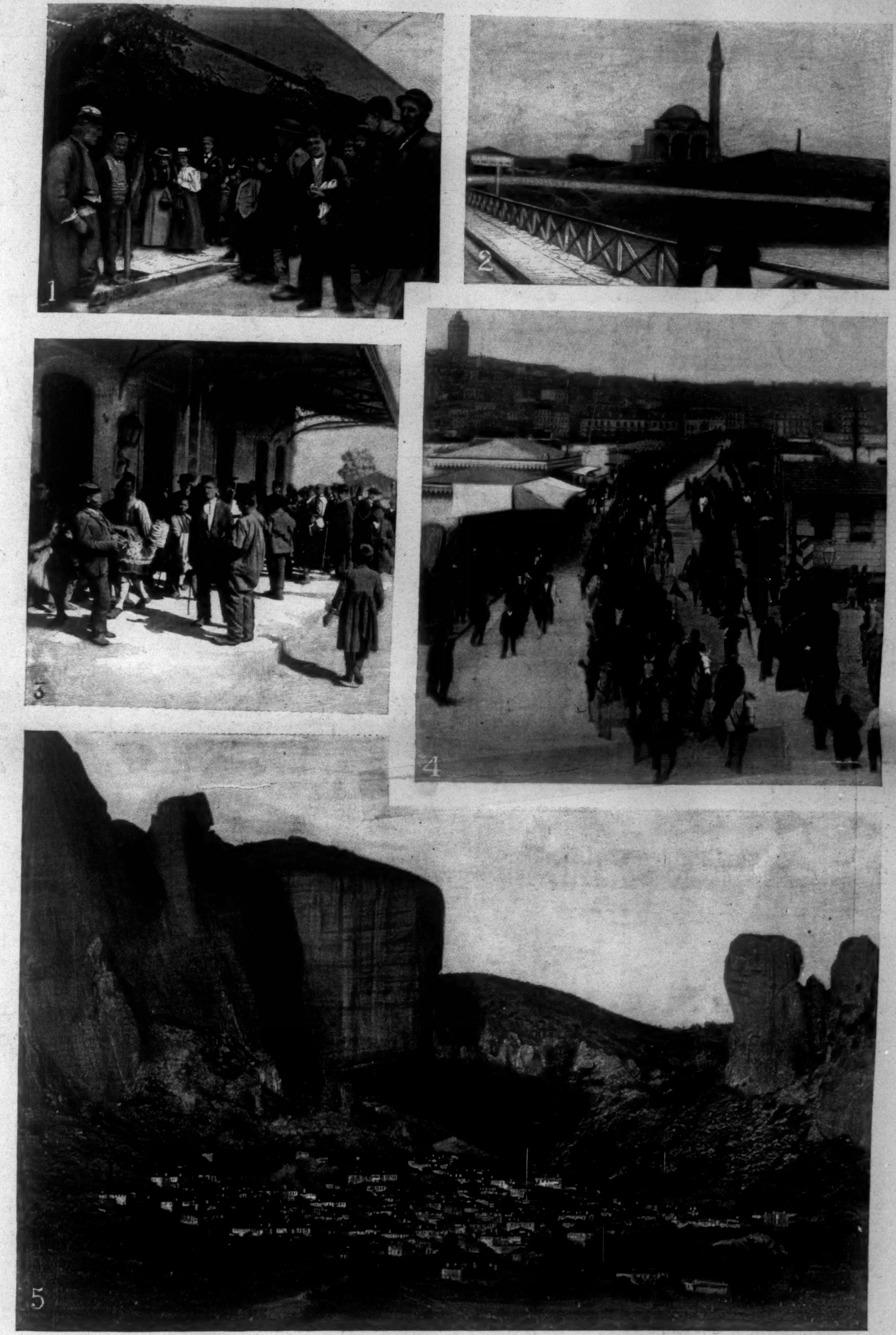
I don't know what 'twill be, mother—I've put in bids for five—
But one will make your little son the happiest man alive:
Ambassador to Spain, mother, Collector of the Port,
Or maybe he will send me to the brilliant Russian Court.

I may be Consul-General to the Afghan or the Boer;
I may get in the Treasury or the Interior;
Or possibly I'll go back to my dear old native coast
As Master of the Post, mother, as Master of the Post.

It matters not at all, mother, just what I soon shall be.
As long as now he's in, mother, McKinley thinks of me;
And if, as I shall hope, mother, I get a sinecure,
That I shall spend my days with you you may be very sure.

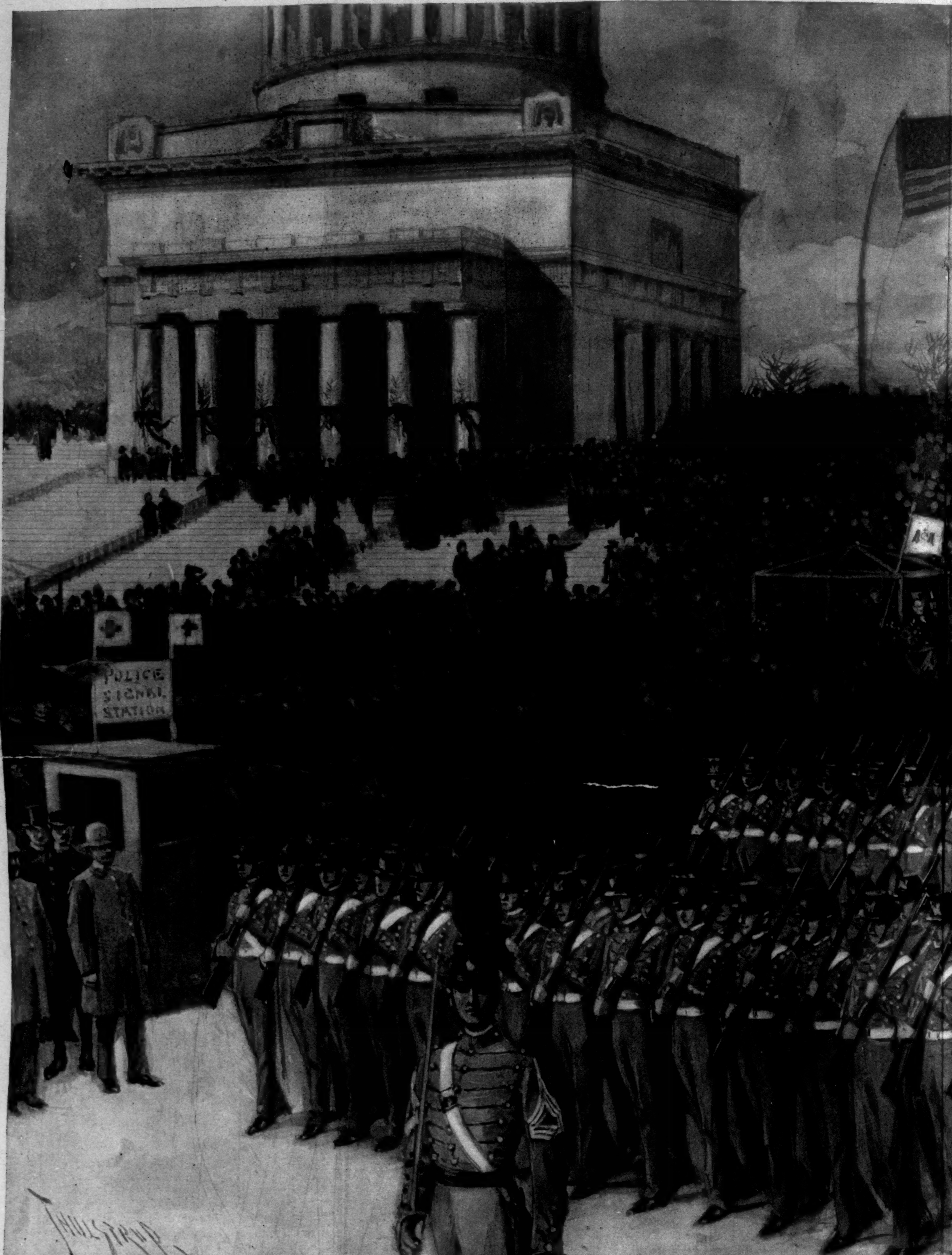
So wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the grandest day in all my whole career.
I want to hear the postman's toot that brings to you and me
Just what it is McKinley has decided I shall be.

CARLYLE SMITH.

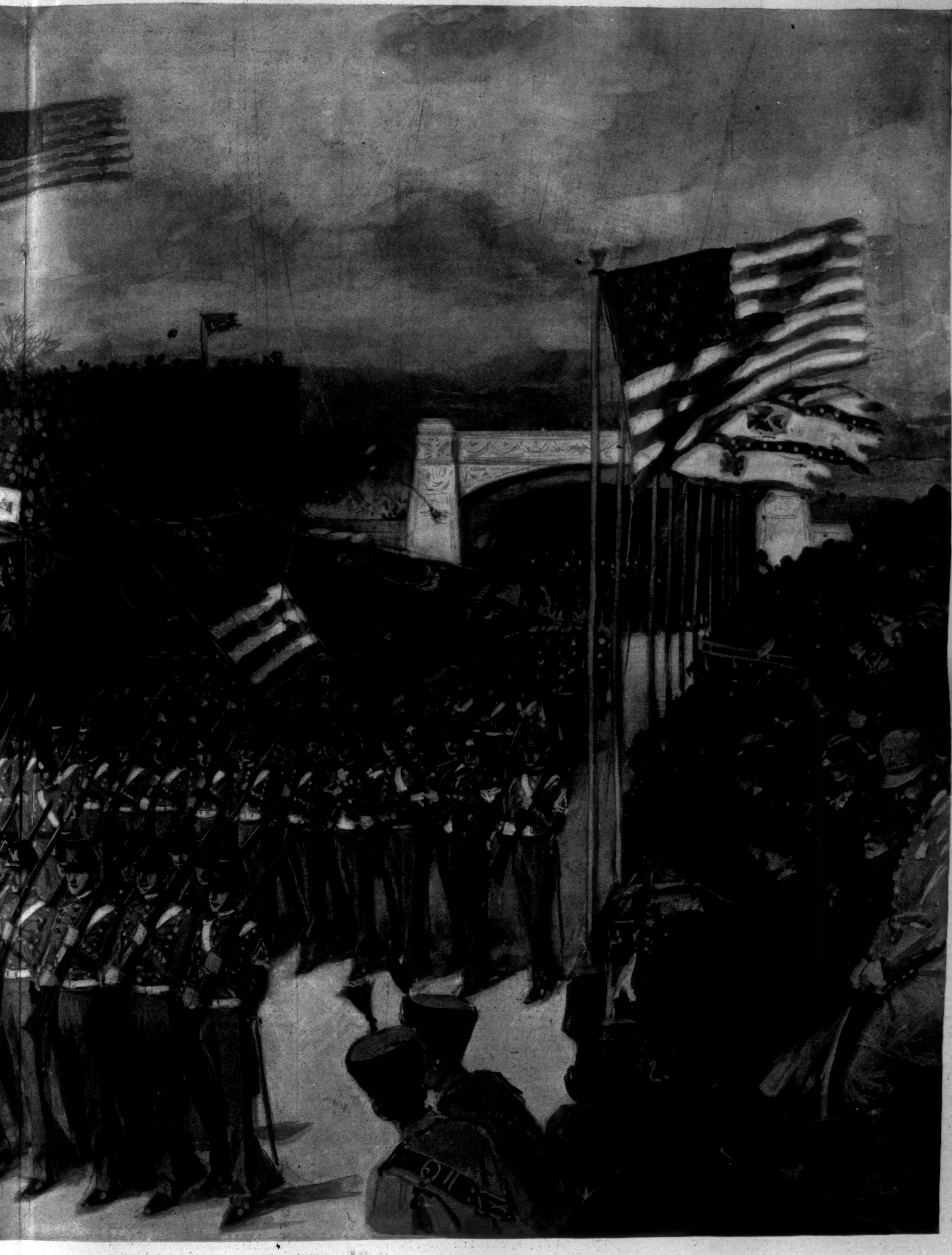


THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR—PLACES OF PRESENT INTEREST.—[See Page 474.]

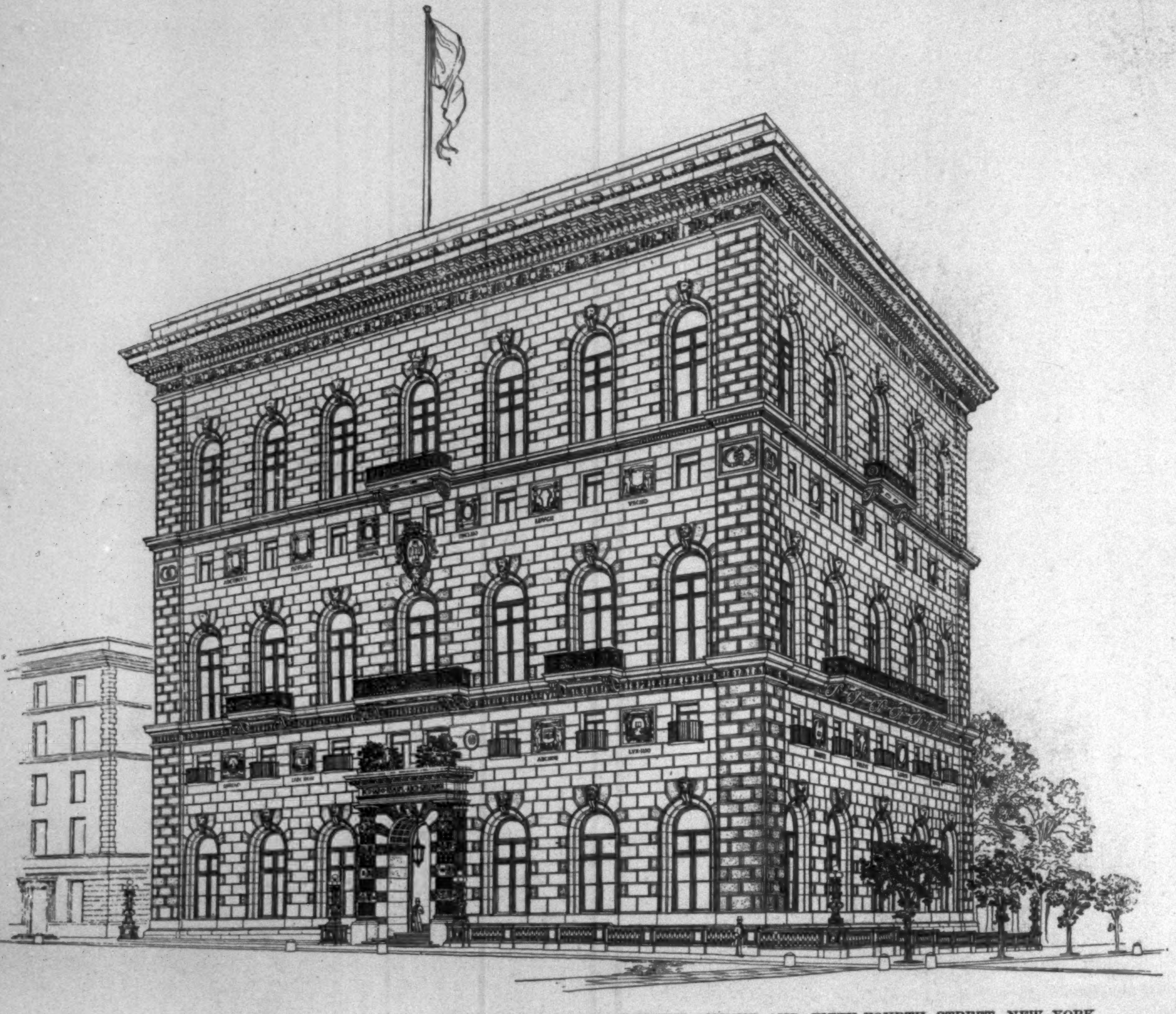
1. A Street in the Mohammedan Quarter of Larissa. 2. Bridge over the Salambria River at Larissa crossed by the Greek Army in its Retreat. 3. The Railway Station at Trikhala. 4. A Regiment of Lancers crossing Galatea Bridge, Constantinople. 5. Panoramic View of Kalabaka, taken from the Bank of the Salambria River.


POLICE
SIGNAL
STATION
THULSTRUP

THE DEDICATION OF THE GRANT MONUMENT—THE WEST POINT CADETS PAS



PASSING THE PRESIDENT'S REVIEWING-STAND.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 475.]



THE NEW HOME OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, NORTHWEST CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK.
From the drawing by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, Architects.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB.

DURING the winters of 1862 and 1863 a few law-students formed the habit of meeting every Saturday evening at the home of one of their number, F. E. Kernochan, at 145 Second Avenue, in New York city. They were only a handful—not more than could be made exceedingly comfortable in one room of that city house, called the "Red Room"; and of this "Red-Room Club" the oldest member had taken his degree at Yale with the class of 1859. All, without exception, were young Yale graduates.

To this little company of friends we may trace the beginnings of a club which is the largest of its class in this country, one of the most prosperous social and literary organizations in the world, and the cisatlantic prototype of university clubs in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, and many other cities. And this expansion has taken place within a period of thirty years (or at most thirty-one or thirty-two years, reckoning from the time when first a suggestion of a new form fell like a fruitful thought-seed into good soil).

The "Red-Room Club," it should be said, required no regular organization—at least it had none. Nor was there any other bond than the literary taste of its members and their common training at New Haven. In 1864 and the early months of 1865 the meetings were held at Mr. Kernochan's rooms in Twelfth Street, some of the most regular attendants being William C. Whitney, Eugene Schuyler, Luther M. Jones, R. O. Williams, William H. Fuller, Buchanan Winthrop (to whom we are indebted for these details),* Alfred J. Taylor, R. K. Weeks, Henry Holt, H. F. Dimock, and Charles Wesson. When, however, the admission of graduates of other colleges had largely increased the membership, the University Club, as it is now known, was founded, the act of incorporation being passed April 28, 1865. Theodore Woolsey Dwight, George T. Strong, John Taylor Johnston, Charles Astor Bristed, Henry R. Winthrop, Charles F. Chandler, Joseph H. Choate, Edmund Wetmore, Francis E. Kernochan, Eugene Schuyler, Edward Mitchell, Luther M. Jones, and Russell Sturges, Jr., and "such other persons as were associated or might thereafter be associated with them," were constituted a body corporate "for the purpose of the promotion of literature and art, by establishing and maintaining a library, reading-room, and gallery of art, and by such other means as shall be expedient and proper for such purpose"—a purpose which has been most fully and generously carried out. First to be associated with the incorporators, as provided by the charter, were Buchanan Winthrop, George V. N. Baldwin, Edward Cooper, William H. Fuller, J. Frederick Kernochan, Benjamin F. Lee, Frederick W. Stevens, Alfred J. Taylor, and William C. Whitney.

In the following year, 1866, the University Club was organized under this charter. Its first club-house was in East Tenth Street, just out of Broadway. Charles D. Ingersoll, Philip S. Miller, and Cornelius B. Mitchell were elected in 1867, and in 1868 John E. Brooks and George W. Van Slyck. Starting with a membership thus composed, and soon including in its list somewhat over 100 names, there was more than a fair prospect of immediate success; but the fact seems to be that the liberal and comprehensive policy of the new organization was at that time not fully or generally understood. There was at least the suspicion of clannishness. Was this still to be an institution representing the graduates of a single college, or in which the interests and influence of a single college would continue to predominate? The doubt proved fatal. All but a score or so of the stanchest members fell away. After a struggle for existence, the club was, as one of the founders has expressed it, "compelled to give up the rent of its building and wind up its affairs." It, however, retained its charter and organization, elected officers at regular intervals, and held annual meetings. In the winter of 1874 the survivors, twenty-four in number, formed themselves into the University Dining-Club, which continues, much honored in the observance, to this day. About five years afterwards, in the winter of 1879, the old idea of the University Club was revived, and on this occasion it was not merely entertained, but embraced with enthusiasm by prominent graduates of Princeton, Harvard, and other colleges, who had taken little or no interest in the original scheme. A proposition was made looking to the surrender of the club's charter in favor of the new organizers; but a simpler method for gaining the desired end was adopted, when, on May 10, 1879, over 300 new members, including practically all the candidates just referred to, were elected. The club then moved into the house known as the Caswell house, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street (the present quarters of the New York Club), and remained there about five years. The nucleus of the library, which now contains 13,737 volumes, was formed while the club was in these quarters, and at this period also was established one of the distinctive features, which is still retained—the inhibition of betting or card-playing for stakes. The qualifications for membership were somewhat rigorous, yet the club prospered to such an extent that when the lease expired it sought to buy the property; but its tender of $500,000 was refused by the Caswell estate. Opportunely the building at Madison Square and Twenty-sixth Street, East, which had been occupied by the Union League Club, and subsequently by the short-lived Turf Club, stood vacant, and the University took possession.

A wholly inadequate idea of the club's growth is conveyed in the statement that its membership is at the present time 2238, while the names of 741 candidates are on the waiting list. It is more important to note that the University Club is a centre for college men all over the country, the number of non-resident members being phenomenal. More than any other single influence, perhaps, it has itself broken down the old antagonisms between graduates of different colleges—the antagonisms which in the beginning obstructed its progress and threatened its existence, as we have seen.

But the University Club is not merely a centre for college men all over the country. It is coming to be a centre for men of *all colleges*. That is the point to bear the emphasis; that is the fact with promise in it of beneficent influence to be exerted in educational matters; and it is worth while now to refer to the club lists in order to see what colleges are represented, disregarding for the present purpose the proportion or degree in which each college contributes to the total of the club membership. Thus we find that the college connections of the club members may be enumerated as follows:

Aberdeen.
Albany Law School.
Alleghany.
Amherst.
Bellevue Medical College.
Beloit.
Berlin.
Bowdoin.
Brasenose College (Oxford).
Brown.
Burlington.
Center.
Central H. S. of Philadelphia.
Christ Church (Oxford).
Clare College (Cambridge).
Colby.
Colgate.
College of the City of New York.
Colorado.
Columbia.
Columbian.
Cornell.
Dartmouth.
Davidson.
Delaware.
Dickinson.
École des Beaux-Arts.
Emanuel College (Cambridge).
Emory.
Franklin and Marshall.
Freiberg.
Georgetown.
Giessen.
Göttingen.
Hamilton.
Harvard.
Haverford.
Heidelberg.
Hobart.
Jefferson.
Jesus College (Cambridge).
Johns Hopkins.
Kenyon.
Kings College (London).
Königsberg.
Lafayette.
Lehigh.
Leipsic.
Madison.
Manhattan.
Marietta.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
McGill.
Merton College (Oxford).
Miami.
Middlebury.
Newton.
Northwestern.
Norwich.
Notre Dame.
Oberlin.
Ohio.
Ohio Wesleyan.
Oriel College (Oxford).
Princeton.
Racine.
Randolph-Macon.
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.
Rochester.
Rutgers.
Seton Hall.
Stevens Institute.
St. Francis Xavier.
St. John's College (Cambridge).
Trinity.
Trinity College (Cambridge).
Trinity College (Dublin).
Trinity Hall (Cambridge).
Union.
United States Military Academy.
United States Naval Academy.
Univ. of Dublin.
Univ. of France.
Univ. of Georgia.
Univ. of Iowa.
Univ. of Liège.
Univ. of London.
Univ. of Louisville.
Univ. of Maryland.
Univ. of Michigan.
Univ. of Missouri.
Univ. of New Brunswick.
Univ. of New York.
Univ. of North Carolina.
Univ. of Pennsylvania.
Univ. of South Carolina.
Univ. of Toronto.
Univ. of Vermont.
Univ. of Virginia.
Univ. of Wisconsin.
Washington Univ.
Washington and Lee Univ.
Wesleyan.
Western Reserve.
Williams.
W. Univ. of Pennsylvania.
Yale.

Briefly, more than one hundred institutions of learning in America and Europe have already contributed to and shared in the expansion of a genial idea that some one of the little group of Yale men thirty years ago hazarded between song and story at a memorable session in the "Red Room." And now when we add that in the number of its members the club is almost as great as the university from which it sprung, a certain passage from the recently published Report of the President of Yale seems to have an elastic aptness; its expressions fit the circumstances here at hand as fairly as the circumstances there at New Haven: "We who are deeply interested in this university," says President Dwight, "are taking part in a long-continuing and far-reaching work. It is well for us

(*Continued on page 474.*)

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* Cf. also *The University*, January, 1890.

AURIGA'S WONDERFUL STAR.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There has been no greater wonder seen in the heavens within the memory of men now living than the new star which was kindled in the constellation Auriga at the end of 1891, and which, after dying down to invisibility, suddenly shone out again, but this time as a nebula!

While it was in the condition of a star the testimony of the spectroscope was interpreted as meaning that its light came from at least two, and probably three, fast-flying masses, one of which, a sunlike body, was approaching us at the rate of 20,000,000 miles a day, while the other two, ablaze with super-solar intensity of incandescence, were retreating with velocities of 1,500,000 and 28,500,000 miles a day respectively.

But while this interpretation prevailed for a time, reason has recently been found to doubt its correctness so far as the relative motion of the masses is concerned. Several other new stars, less brilliant, have since appeared, and in all of them spectroscopic phenomena similar to those exhibited by Nova Aurigæ have been noted. It appears probable, therefore, that these phenomena denote some as yet unexplained peculiarity in the constitution of the new stars, rather than simultaneous motions toward and from the earth. Thus the mystery is deepened. And the new evidence neither precludes the former hypothesis as to the origin of the star in Auriga, nor offers a satisfactory solution of that part of the problem.

"A collision!" said some astronomers at the time. But what a collision! The most careful observations failed to reveal any indications of parallax in the position of the strange star, which mean that its distance was at least a thousand millions of millions of miles. The sun at such a distance would not send us more than one-fiftieth of the light that actually came from the stellar stranger.

A celebrated German astronomer, Vogel, argued that the phenomena observed could best be explained upon the hypothesis that an enormous body, flying at the rate of 400 miles in a second, dashed into a great system of revolving orbs like our solar family, and by repeated collisions with its members was brought to a brilliant state of incandescence, while the assailed planets themselves, torn from their orbits, and dashing in wild confusion, caught fire in turn, until the whole system was ablaze. The thought is overwhelming in its suggestion of the stupendous perils of cosmical existence, and with cold mathematical assurance the German savant drove it home by remarking that such a world-smashing projectile as he had imagined would require five months to pass through our system. It took nine months to complete its ugly work in Auriga.

Another German, Professor H. Seeliger, suggested that the outburst might have been due to a huge, swiftly moving mass or body — an extinguished sun, perhaps — plunging through a cloud of meteoritic particles. The phenomena resulting from such an encounter would, as he pointed out, resemble those that accompany the flight of a meteor through the atmosphere of the earth. Again the possibility of such an occurrence as the theory under consideration assumes is startlingly suggestive, for there is no reason why dead suns alone should encounter meteoritic clouds in space; and while astronomers admit that such clouds may exist, no one can locate them, or say exactly where they are or where they are not, and wherever a sun goes it draws all its planets after it. It should be stated, however, that the new star in Auriga appeared in the Milky Way, and that there is reason for thinking that scattered meteoritic matter is more abundant there where stars especially abound, than in the comparatively barren region of space through which our sun is now passing. A somewhat different hypothesis came later from New Zealand, from Professor A. W. Bickerton. Professor Bickerton republished a cut, which he first printed in 1879, and which he averred represents a state of things exactly like that existing in the new star in Auriga. His picture shows two stars which have clashed together revolving around one another at close quarters, while between them glows a nebulous mass formed out of the matter sheared off from the stars by their grazing impact, and expanded into gas by the heat developed through friction.

It will be remembered that at the second apparition of the star in Auriga, which began in August, 1892 (for it is still visible in its new rôle), it had become a nebula. To most telescopes, except the great Lick glass, it yet looked like a star, but the spectroscope showed that it was really nebulous. The sunlike body that had seemed to be rushing earthward with great velocity early in the year had vanished, and the luminous masses which had appeared to be flying in retreat from the place of collision, and whose lines of flaming hydrogen had gleamed "like a danger signal on a dark night," were no longer distinguishable. In place of all these appeared the spectral index of a glowing nebula. Some of the lines that had characterized the supposed retreating masses in the spectrum of the star were nebular lines, and they remained visible after the transformation. But now, to the surprise of all, they indicated swift approach toward the earth instead of rapid flight from it. Gradually the motion of approach seemed to become slower. This reversal proved very puzzling. One attempt to explain it suggested the existence of orbital revolution in the new nebula. Another suggestion was that as the nebulous mass quickly expanded, the velocity with which a part of it was pushed toward the earth would be sufficient to explain the observed displacement of the spectroscopic lines. The latest phase of the question seems to be that nobody knows how to explain it.

Professor Bickerton found confirmation of his "partial impact" theory in the changes that have been described. It should be said that the theory of stellar evolution from impact did not originate with Professor Bickerton. It was suggested by the late James Croll in 1868, and later was elaborated by him in a small volume. But the New Zealand professor seems to have worked out independently the probable results of partial or grazing impacts, to which, he believes, the origin not only of Nova Aurigæ, but of other temporary stars, and also of variable stars and planetary nebulæ, is to be ascribed. But let us hear Professor Bickerton's account of the new star in question.

"A pair of dead suns collide.... The impact produces a temperature ten thousand times as hot as the hottest furnace. The collision is soon over, perhaps in less than an hour, and then the two suns sweep on in their course, whilst the parts grazed off destroy each other's momentum, convert the energy into heat, and stay behind coalesced into a single mass of glowing gas. This under the slight attractive force of the new body is too hot to be stable, and so expands indefinitely.... Nova Aurigæ has now expanded into a hollow sphere that this theory suggests as being possibly about a hundred thousand million miles in diameter.... The two suns after striking would spin in consequence of the blow, and each would have a molten lake of fire where the other cut into it. As the stars rotate they would be like policemen's lanterns spinning on a string; they would show alternately the hot and cool faces."

Well, if this is not satisfactory, at any rate it is picturesque. The problems which astronomy furnishes are wonderfully stimulating, and they have not infrequently led men of the highest scientific distinction to invent and maintain hypotheses which others, of equal authority, have treated with very little respect. And there certainly never was a more tempting problem of this kind than that presented by the star-born nebula in Auriga. It would be far from correct, however, to infer that the astronomers are chiefly occupied with speculations on this subject. Their principal efforts are directed to the ascertainment of facts; the full explanation will come later. In the mean time all we really know is that a vast conflagration has occurred out there in the Milky Way, and that many of the appearances presented are such as would have resulted from the violent meeting of gigantic masses composed of such substances as the earth contains. Even if we should never know anything more about it, is not this enough to stir the imagination to its depths?

THE HIGH-WATER FIGHT.

Sensational newspaper reports would paint in exaggerated colors the extremity of suffering and loss entailed by an overflow, yet the latter is not to be slighted. When the levees are sustaining twice as great pressure as they were designed for, breaks do not come unexpectedly to "sweep away sleeping occupants with their homes"; but more or less preparation has been made, and at the first alarm men move their families and stock to places of safety. Their losses accrue, for the most part, from delay of planting operations and damage to fences, yet must be included the loss of a few head of stock pastured in remote forests. The resistance of the flood of 1897 was a harder battle than was ever fought by an army, the combating forces being abreast along 1000 miles of levee lines, and the battle lasting for weeks, day after day and night after night. Reverting to the locality with which your correspondent is familiar, the levees from Tunica, Mississippi, southward to Bolivar County had been built to a grade three to four feet above the flood-lines of 1890 and and 1893, the highest then recorded. Engineers had expected a rise of the flood-line along the lower half of this district, because of the closure of a gap of eighteen miles in the Arkansas levees, through which the water had escaped to White River, but the effect was unexpectedly marked, causing the water opposite this gap to mount to an elevation five feet above that of 1893, when the 1893 elevation had just been reached at Helena. As Helena rose two and one-half feet more, the water at Rescue, Mississippi, 60 miles below, would have stood three and one-half feet above the grade of the top of the levee had not the giving way of the Arkansas levee caused a lowering of the water of nearly two feet. The holding of a levee of normal strength, even when water stands three feet above it, is only a question of men and material, the levees being raised with sacks and a backing of dirt, as shown by photographs taken on the ground. Of 120 miles comprising the upper Yazoo district, 80 miles were topped in this manner, to resist water one to three feet above the top of levee. The photographs also show the method of strengthening a weak base or rear slope with a revetment of brush or cane and a weighting of sacks of dirt. It is only in exceptional cases that this method of strengthening must be resorted to when the levee is of the standard grade of four feet above the highest water-plane; but with water above the top of the levee, the base is sometimes too weak to sustain the pressure, unless strengthened immediately. The Flower Lake crevasse, in this district, occurred from a defect in an old levee which had been enlarged to form part of the present system, and discovered its true nature too suddenly for necessary preparation to be made for strengthening, when all energy was being expended toward keeping the top above the rising water. The levees of this district will be made large enough to withstand the strain of the next high water.

A. L. Dabney, Assistant Engineer.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

The Ending of a Drama.

BY CARL BAILEY HURST.

The driving rain forbade our taking a walk, so we sat in the studio and smoked. The storm had come suddenly, and it was late in the afternoon. From the window-seat where I lay I could look down on Broadway and see the crowd of clerks and shop-girls hurrying up town. The noise of wagons and street cars, the babble of voices, and the beating of footsteps on wet pavements were borne noticeably to the third story of the old building which has stood for thirty years on a corner below Union Square. It is an old rookery, with rooms for artists and whosoever else will live in small quarters and not object to the odor of cooking wafted at all times from the gas-stoves of one's neighbors. The man in whose lodgings I was for the first time had lived there for over twenty years. He told me nothing could make him leave. He had become attached to the shaky stairs, the worn thresholds, and the dusty walls. It was here he had fought for fame—and had lost the battle; and yet he would not remove.

We talked of a number of things—of art, of the ignorance of critics, of the capriciousness of fate—when I noticed my friend was not listening to me, but to some sound without. I stopped, and heard a woman walking down the hall. She went to the door opposite my friend X.'s lodgings, and after fumbling with the lock a few seconds, opened the door and entered.

X. did not move. He only turned his eyes toward me, still listening; but hearing nothing more, he leaned back in his chair, saying simply, "She's late."

"In time for dinner, at any rate," I hazarded.

"She doesn't live here."

"Oh! Only paints during the day, of course."

"She's not an artist; not even in a dilettante way. She used to paint, I believe; but I do not think she has had a brush in her hand for twenty years."

"Twenty years?"

"For twenty years she has had that room. None besides her has ever entered, except the janitor once or twice to put in a few panes of glass broken by the hail."

"She's not, not— She's in her right mind, isn't she?"

"As sane as you or I. I'll tell you about her. It's the story of a woman's heart. I do not believe two people besides myself know why she has that little studio, if, indeed, they are aware she has it at all."

Then he was silent for a minute. I heard the noise of the street, and fancied that I heard the woman moving in the room across the way. The story of a woman's heart, I mused—the story of a woman's heart. How many a one thinks he knows its depth or its shallowness, but what man has ever really fathomed it? It's a spring of water, I thought. It reflects the clouds and the sunshine. It varies with circumstances. There is nothing constant in it. It smiles back brightly to the man who has brought himself nearest. When he is gone, with the same ease and cheerfulness it mirrors his successor. A woman's heart, I laughed; there is no constancy in it.

"Listen," said X. "Not long after I returned from my two years at Munich I settled in the studio in which you see me now. About the same time a young man of my own age took the one across the way. There was more than a passing acquaintance between us. We exchanged confidences, and I learned that a wealthy woman, somewhat older than he, stood to him more or less as a patroness. There was some understanding that when he should become established they were to marry. She was an ambitious person, strong-willed, and, I surmise, she decided to fashion the beginner's career to suit herself. But she was not sympathetic. His frequent discouragements she took as natural events in any young man's career. But to him the difficulties seemed enormous and insuperable, and the sympathy he craved he found elsewhere, in the daughter of a boarding-house keeper at whose establishment he took dinner. The patroness was frightfully incensed when she learned of the new intimacy. She stormed, but he said nothing. Then she cried bitterly, and begged him not to throw his life away on a woman who had not the least thing in common with him.

"The little drama stretched itself out for several months, until a violent quarrel separated for good the artist and his benefactress. The woman wanted him to break his recent attachment. She became arbitrary and insisted. The young fellow was already tiring of the boarding-house keeper's daughter, but this commanding made him obstinate, and throwing down the key of the studio, he swore he would never come near his easel again. When she saw he was really leaving, she calmed and implored him to stay, but he doggedly walked away. She said she loved him more than her life, that she would always wait until he returned. She would keep the studio, and that he must come back to her some time.

"That day he went to the woman scorned by the other; and a few weeks later together they drifted to the West, where one may be swallowed in the vastness and change, and be forgotten. The affair would have escaped me altogether had I not one day seen the former patroness coming to the studio, which, it seemed, she had kept, and to which she came once a fortnight. She did this for four or five years, until I read in the papers a notice of her marriage. For a year she never came near this place, but the studio was still unvacated. The janitor told me that she rented the place by the year, and at the time of her marriage the studio belonged to her for several months longer. And then, that period expiring, she rented the room again, although she did not visit it. Incidentally I heard her marriage was a very unsatisfactory one, and that her husband treated her brutally. Once more she resumed her pilgrimages to the studio. But after her husband's death — for he died about two years after they were married — she kept away for another stretch of months; then she started once more, and she has come now at intervals ever since. She dusts the books and canvases, and keeps the room scrupulously clean. This much she has told me herself, although she is very reticent. But I have often wondered if she lingers over each object of her former lover's, and touches them tenderly, and thinks that he might now be near her had she been to him what she might have been. It is probably a solace for her to go there and to feel that she keeps the place for his return; that she is watching for him, ready to welcome him, and to tell him that she loves him more than in those old days."

Then X. was silent. Presently he resumed: "Perhaps he will return. But he has not returned yet. It is twenty years since he left."

"Yes," I said to myself, "a woman's heart is indeed like a spring. It gives forth at all times the same stream of love. The surface may reflect that which passes near it, but in its depths, clear and unchanging, lies that which fell there first."

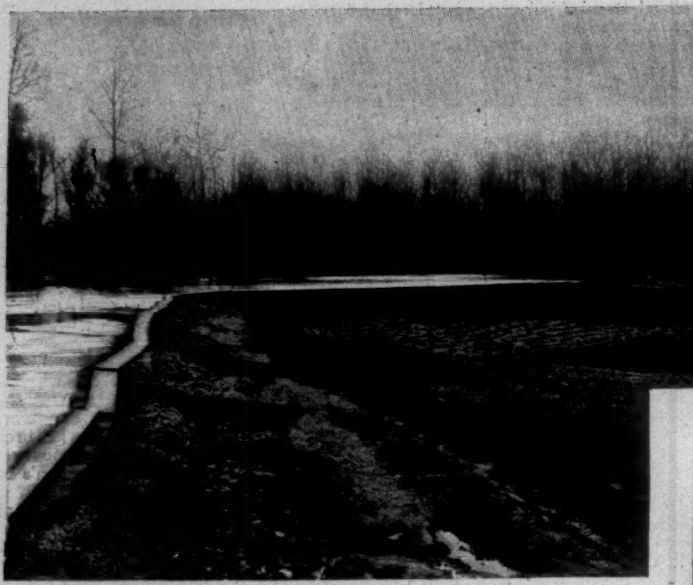
Neither of us spoke. X.'s story moved me strangely, although I am not over-given to sentiment. The rain came beating against the windows, down on the foot-passengers in the street, and on the vehicles. The world seemed very gloomy. Unsteadily a man mounted to the top of the stairs near X.'s studio, and moved down the hall. He stopped not far away, but he made no sound. X. threw open the door, and I saw a man wasted with disease, thin, and wretchedly clad. The rain dropped from his clothing to the floor. I could only see the side of his face, but it was haggard. He stood with his back to us, looking at the studio door opposite. He seemed not to hear us. He knocked, but there was no response. He knocked again. The door opened suddenly, and a woman stood on the threshold. The man held out his hands and said, brokenly,

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, I have come back for one glimpse of paradise."

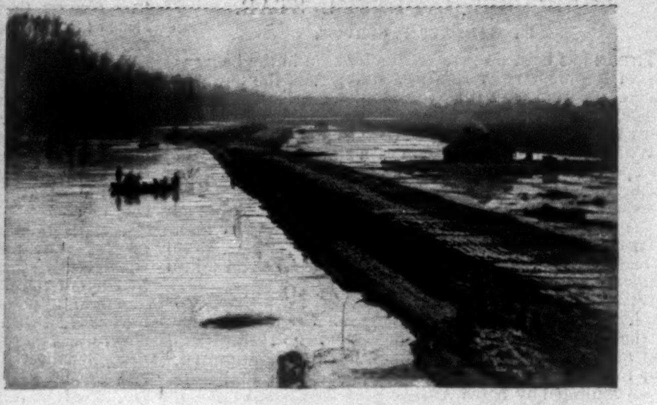
With a cry the woman threw her arms about his neck, and, drawing him into the room, strained his wet, dishevelled head to her breast.

X. closed his door quietly, and turning to me, remarked,

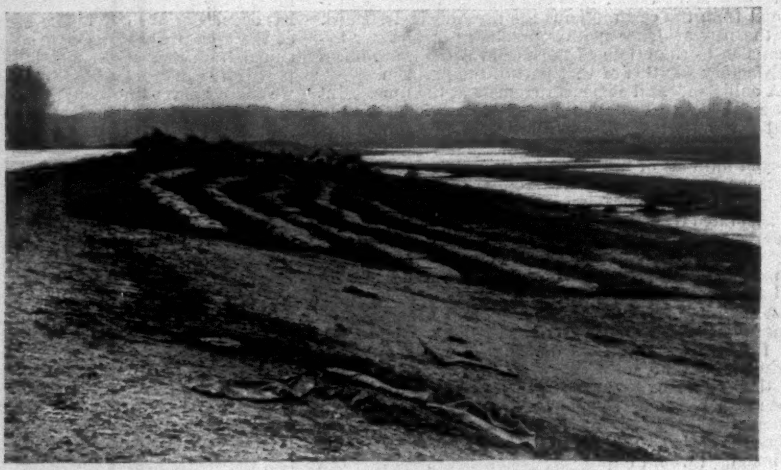
"I always thought something like that would happen."



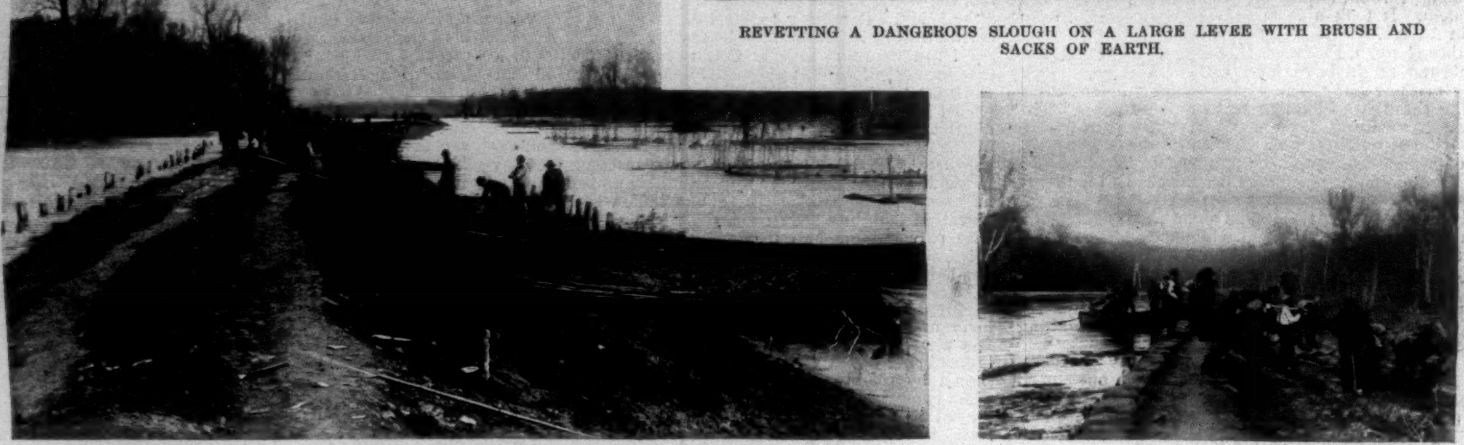
A LEVEE, SHOWING SACKING AND TOPPING WORK WITH PLANK RUN FOR WHEELBARROWS, REVETMENT-WORK ON THE RIGHT.



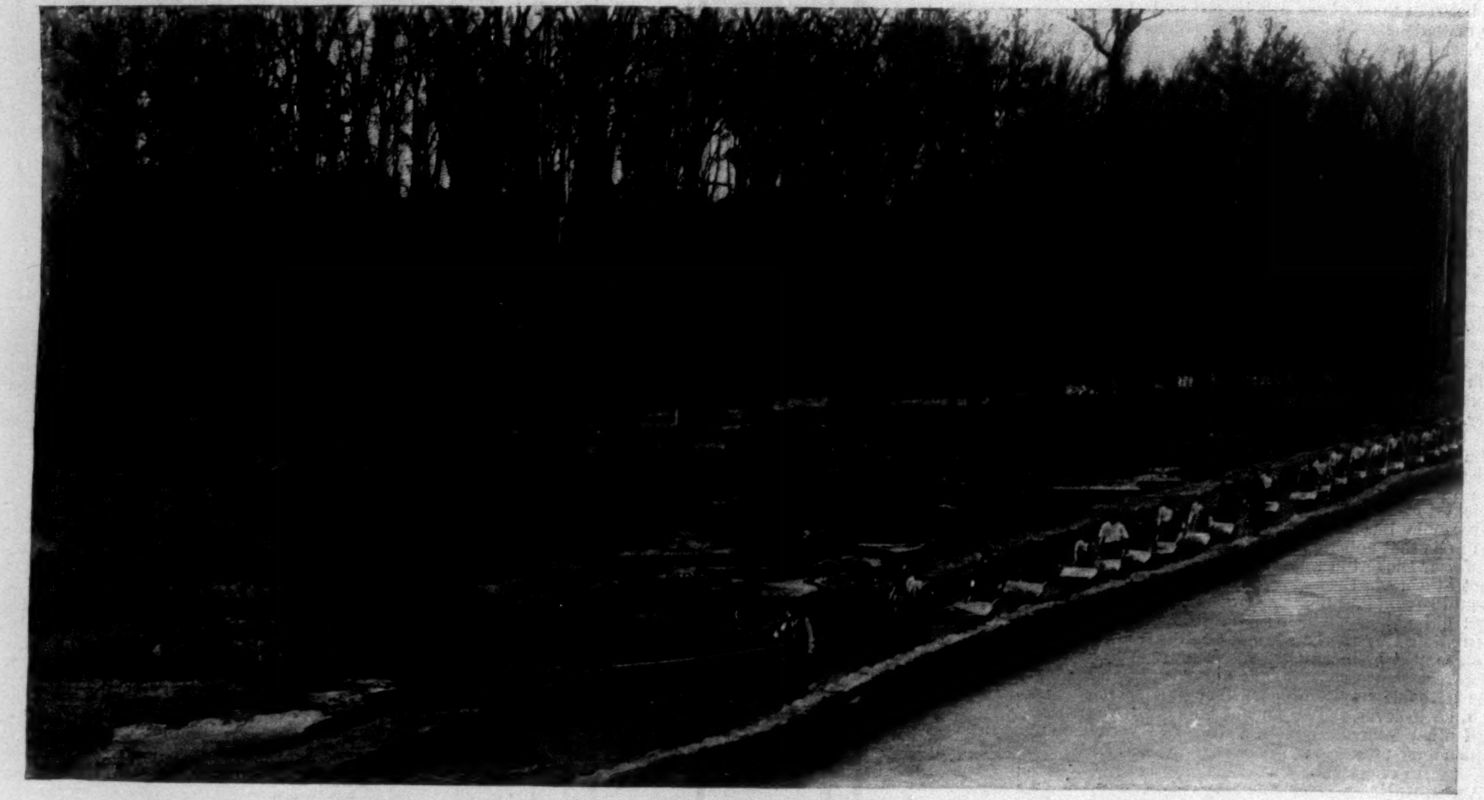
A TYPICAL LEVEE.



REVETTING A DANGEROUS SLOUGH ON A LARGE LEVEE WITH BRUSH AND SACKS OF EARTH.

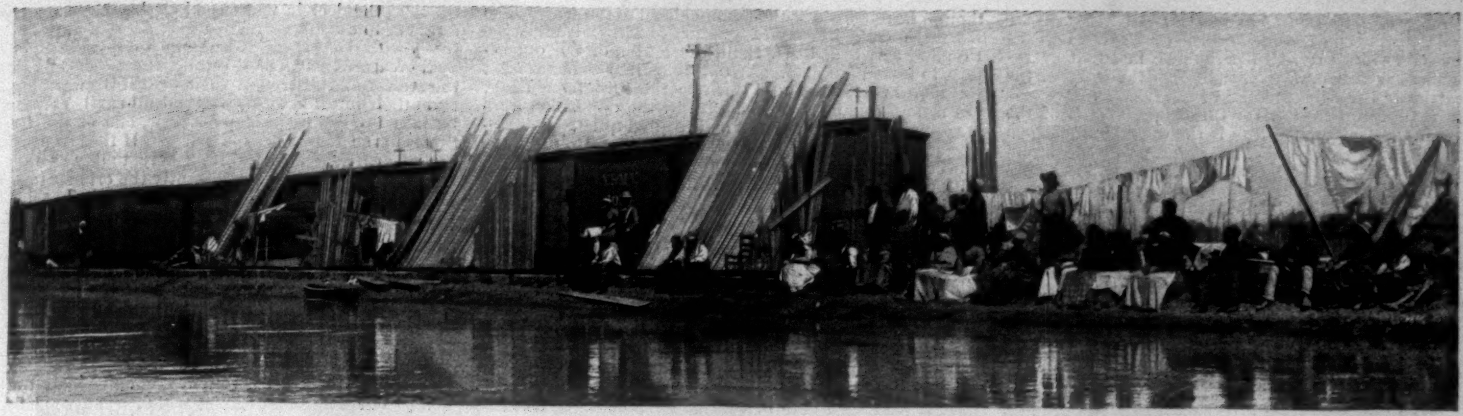


TWO VIEWS SHOWING HOW A LEVEE IS TOPPED AND STRENGTHENED WITH A REVETMENT OF BRUSH WEIGHTED WITH SACKS OF EARTH. The River lies to the Left, and the Backwater on the Right.

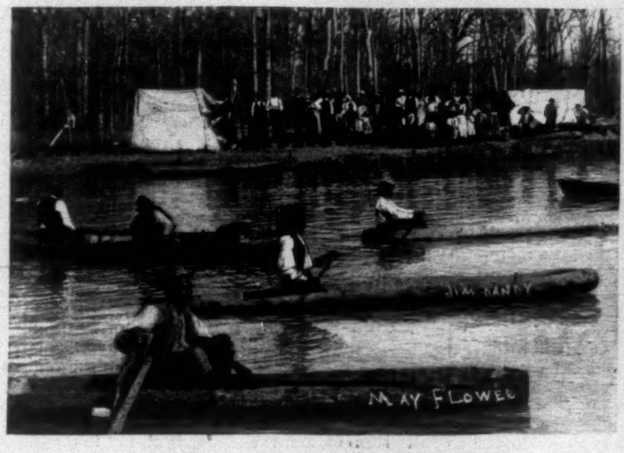


THE METHOD OF "TOPPING" A LEVEE WITH SACKS OF EARTH.

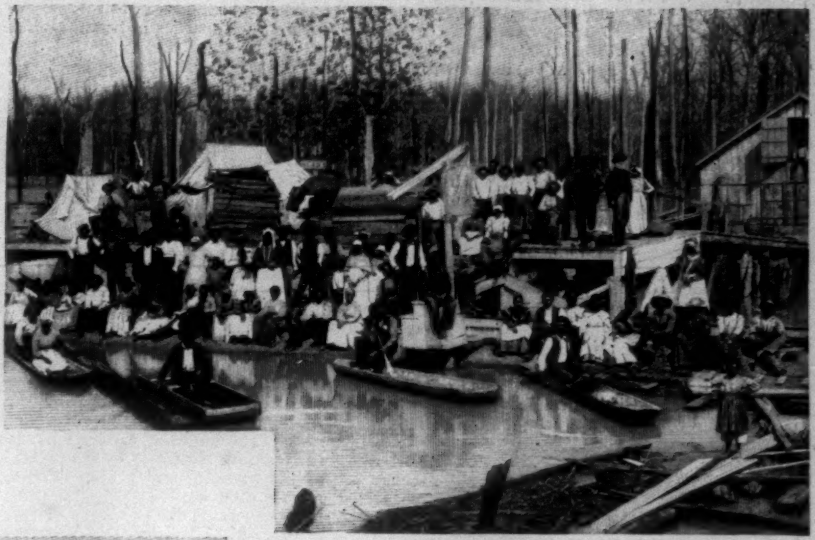
THE HIGH-WATER FIGHT ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI—THE WORK ON THE LEVEES.—[See Page 471.]



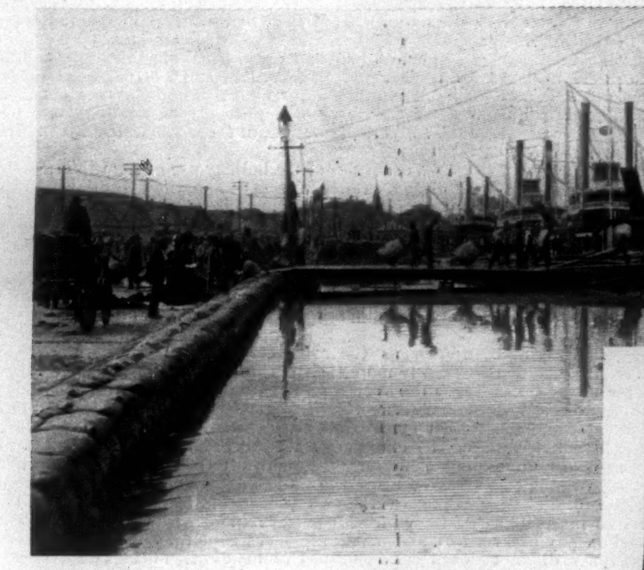
REFUGEES CAMPING IN BOX-CARS.—Photographed by Coovert.



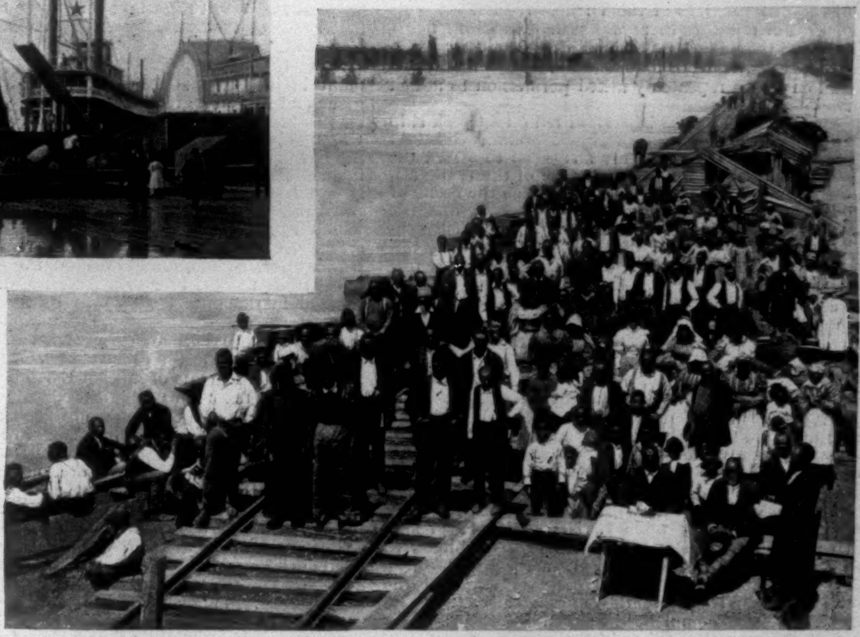
DUGOUTS AND BOATS USED BY REFUGEES.
Photographed by Coovert.



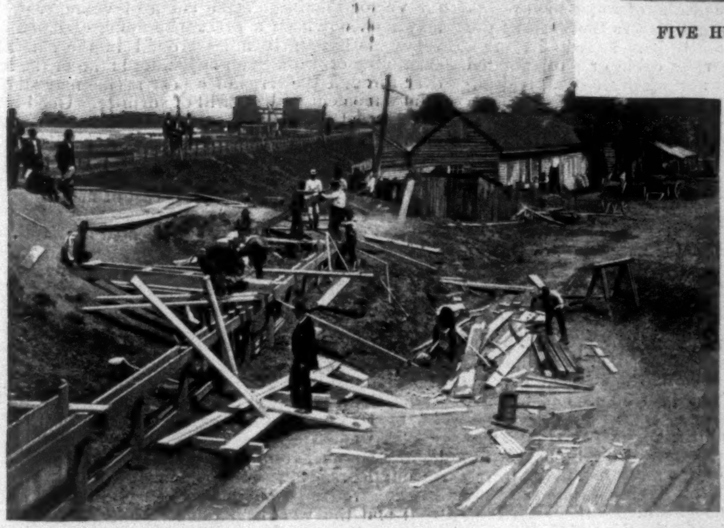
REFUGEES CAMPING ON THE RAILROAD PLATFORM AND IN THE GIN-HOUSE AT HEAD STATION, MISSISSIPPI.
Photographed by Coovert.



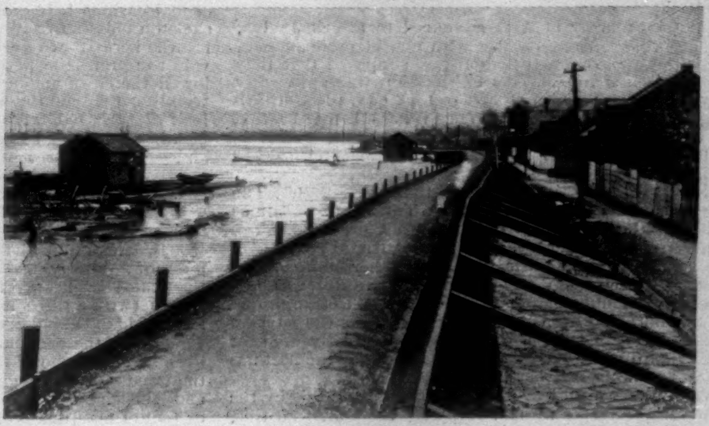
LEVEE AT THE STEAMBOAT LANDING, NEW ORLEANS.



FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY REFUGEES AT HELM STATION, MISSISSIPPI, LIVING IN TEMPORARY SHANTIES MADE FROM DRIFTING HOUSES.
View taken during Divine Service.—Photographed by Coovert.



WORKING ON THE LEVEE AT EAGLE STREET, CARROLLTON, SEVENTH DISTRICT, NEW ORLEANS.



LEVEE AT THE HEAD OF POLAND STREET, THIRD DISTRICT, NEW ORLEANS.

THE HIGH-WATER FIGHT ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI—SCENES ON THE LEVEES.—[See Page 471.]

(Continued from page 470.)

—it is an inspiration for our efforts—that, as we observe the progress from period to period, we find that everywhere there is encouragement, and that the story of the past carries in itself the promise of the future."

The immediate occasion for this slight sketch of the history of the University Club is the opportunity which the president, Mr. James W. Alexander, and the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, have kindly afforded to the WEEKLY to reproduce in this issue a perspective of the new club-house to be erected at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street. A few particulars taken from the architects' and building committee's courteous statement of their plans may be read with interest at this time.

On the ground the building will be one hundred feet five inches by one hundred and fifty feet, with an extension on a twenty-five-foot lot running to Fifty-fifth Street. Its total height will be one hundred and twenty-eight feet six inches from the pavement. The elevation shows three grand divisions; and a member of the building committee, generalizing these, says (*ou à peu près*) that the ground-floor will be abandoned to conversation, the middle division will be reserved for literature, the upper division will be sacred to the pleasures of the table. The impression made by the three rows of high windows may, however, mislead the unwary; for there are to be not merely three stories within, but—by dint of certain mezzanine economies—technically five, and practically nine stories, with ample provision for bedrooms, private dining-rooms, billiard-room, card-room, writing-room, pipe-room, the service, etc. The library will occupy the Fifty-fourth Street side; and a splendid room it will be in time, no doubt, with its thirty-four feet by one hundred and thirty-five, and its twenty-four feet from floor to ceiling. But directly above it will be a room not less long or wide and ten feet higher; that will be the dining-room. The centre of the building on each floor will be occupied by a large square hall with marble columns. Under the main hall will be bowling-alleys. And there will be, finally, not the least novel of features, a Roman bath (or, if one prefers the clumsy title, Russian and Turkish baths) with a plunge fifty feet long and twenty feet wide in the basement; and at the other extreme, well above the neighboring chimneys, an enormous roof garden, with a covered pavilion, forty by fifty-six feet, in the centre, and wide *azoteas* overlooking Fifty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. The WEEKLY is authorized to state that the total cost, including land and building, will be about $2,000,000.

MARRION WILCOX.

THE GREEK CAMPAIGN.

SELDOM have events moved more rapidly than in the Greco-Turkish campaign in Thessaly. It really commenced with the dash across the frontier, on April 7, of a large band of Greek insurgents, who struck at Grevena, west of the headquarters of the Turkish regular army at Elassona. For ten days there was much desultory fighting, in which the advantage seemed to rest, on the whole, with the Greeks, who so harassed the Turkish outposts that Edhem Pasha repeatedly asked permission to attack them.

On April 17 the Turkish batteries fired on a Greek ship in the harbor of Prevesa, and war was commenced. At the same time the Turkish army advanced to attack the two passes leading into Thessaly. One of these, the Miluna Pass, on the main road to Larissa, was the scene of obstinate fighting for two or three days. At first the Turks were driven back, but by Monday they had succeeded in securing control of the pass, which they immediately fortified, and pressed on to Larissa, only a few miles distant.

At the other, the Reveni Pass, farther south, the Greeks were more successful, and succeeded in holding their own, threatening the Turkish advance, and thus checking it. A sharp contest centred about the village of Tyrnavo, commanding the road to Larissa, but the Turks failed to dislodge the Greeks, and for a few days it seemed as if the latter would be able to hold their own. Edhem Pasha telegraphed for 40,000 more troops, and, according to reports from Constantinople, the Sultan was so angered at the delay that he sent Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, to take general command. On Saturday, April 24, however, the Turks made a furious attack on the Greek army at Mati, forced it back upon Larissa, and pressed success so hard that the Greek commander felt obliged to withdraw from that place, leaving it in the hands of the Turks. The abandonment of Larissa necessitated the withdrawal of the troops holding Tyrnavo and the Reveni Pass. The retreat, commenced in good order, became for a part of the way a rout, in which the soldiers and populace were mingled in a confused mass. A stand was made at Pharsalia, on a spur of the hills south of the railroad from Volo to Trikhala, but that again was given up, the army withdrawing to the more mountainous section south.

The Greek army at Arta advanced to attack Janina, and, according to reports, met with considerable success, but withdrew to Arta just as it was supposed that they would reach Janina. This expectation was apparently shared by the Turkish troops in that city, for four Albanian regiments revolted. When it became evident that the Greek advance was checked, this revolt was overcome by the Turkish authorities, and the Albanians returned to their allegiance.

Great things were expected of the Greek fleet. The city of Prevesa was shelled and the Turkish fortifications destroyed, but the place itself was not occupied. The same is true of other places on the Adriatic coast. On the east the fleet bombarded a few rather unimportant places between Volo and Salonica, and captured a considerable amount of stores. There was talk of an attack on Salonica, and even Smyrna, especially as the admiral of the Turkish fleet declared its ships absolutely unfit for sea. Nothing of this was done, however, and the fleet has really accomplished very little.

With the capture of Larissa commenced talk by the powers of intervening and stopping the war. To this, however, the Greek people refused to listen. They declaimed bitterly against the incompetence of their leaders, and demanded a change. The King manifested every willingness to accede to the popular demand, and other generals were associated with Prince Constantine, although he remained as the nominal head of the army. The King also called for the resignation of Mr. Delyannis, the Premier, and called Mr. Ralli, the leader of the opposition, to form a cabinet. At one time it was feared that the mob in Athens would threaten the life of the King, but a timely and patriotic appeal by the opposition leaders appeased their bitterness and ensured quiet. One significant fact was the continued blockade of Crete by the powers, notwithstanding that this was a practical union with the Turks and of great assistance to them.

FOREST PRESERVES IN VERMONT.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

THE abandoned farms of the Green Mountain State have fixed attention on a significant minor fact in American agricultural economics. If somewhat startling in a prosaic fashion, it has scarcely less interest as a picturesque act in the drama of the universal Pan. Rudyard Kipling's thrilling sketch of "The Letting in Of the Jungle" is paralleled here in a way, less melodramatic, to be sure, but not less vivid as a register of the swing of primitive dynamics.

First, enter man with axe and hoe and plough. He wrests meadow and tillable field from the clutch of the rank wilderness, and fences out insatiable nature. He grows corn, wheat, potatoes, and pigs at the cost of incessant war against the forest forces, but at living prices for his surplus, though following the ruts of rude farming methods. Second act: production at a profit ceases to revolve on local centres. Enormous development of an ocean of fat prairie, compassing millions of square miles, upsets all the earlier laws of distribution and value by its net-work of direct and indirect results. The farmer of the woodland and mountain State is crushed between the millstones of low price and scanty yield. The brain and brawn of the rising human crop turn tail from the unequal battle and seek a more encouraging field. The barriers of the mountain farm, only to be kept intact by war without truce, are swept away, and the victorious woods push forward their lines, an army with green banners flying. Nature wins in the mighty duel.

In the third act man begins to show his craft in utilizing apparent defeat, as he has so often done in the eternal collision of forces. Let the farms, away from the lush soil and easy tillage of the valley lands which still marry the hand to the plough tail, revert again into savage wilderness. The cunning master will find a way to subjugate the teeming fecundity of the forest and make it the slave of his pleasure and profit. The wilds have their own proper products—the bear, the deer, the wild-cat, and the panther among the creatures of fur; the partridge, woodcock, and quail among the creatures of feather; the trout and the black bass among the creatures of fin—which appeal to the keenest passion of enjoyment in the civilized as well as the savage man. So man says, "This domain of mine does not yield me wheat and corn; let it then breed in the way it likes best the things natural to it, and I will protect that yield by all the artifice known to human skill."

Scarcely a mountain region in the country equals Vermont in its essential adaptation to the preservation of game and fish on a great scale, and in convenience of access to the larger Eastern cities. The Green Mountains, which have stamped their name and character on the State, range from 2000 to 4500 feet in height, and following a southwestern trend, divide Vermont into two nearly equal parts. In breadth they extend from twenty to sixty miles, the peaks often divided by wide plateaus which slope down to intervales ravishing to poet or artist. A multiplicity of small streams and brooks, which interlace height and lowland, the purest water and finest trout habitat in North America, diversify a region rivalled in romantic beauty only by the picturesqueness of western North Carolina. The mountains are clothed to the very top with dense growths of spruce, and the lower slopes produce a great variety of hard-wood trees, which nurse the teats of Mother Earth no less lustily than do the coniferæ. The geological conditions governing the natural history of Vermont made a soil rich in the nutriment which feeds a dense arboreal growth of more than 100 species, a greater variety than is found in any other section of our land. There are only seventy distinct species on the whole continent of Europe. The seeds and nuts of trees, without constant human interference, would soon exterminate all other seeds.

A great number of small lakes and ponds, fed by pure cold springs and varying from 15 to 2000 acres in extent, are found on the top of the mountain range or high up on its plateaus. These lonely waters, ringed by vast spruce forests, are disturbed only by the leap of the trout and bass, or in the spring or fall by the armies of water-fowl which ruffle their glassy calm. As one pierces the heart of the mountain region villages cease to be. Here and there a weather-stained house or a rude cabin or a dilapidated saw-mill attests that man is not wholly absent, and ancient clearings half grown up to woodland obscuring a skeleton building recite a pathetic story. The millionaire returns here from Chicago or San Francisco and tries in vain to retrace the paths of the barefoot urchin who followed the cows among the daisies. The human beings who linger among these half-tamed wilds, subdued to the look of their habitat by generations of habit, shaggy of beard and clothing as the bark on the trees, have the shy and brooding aspect of those who live alone. One sees mostly grizzled locks and wrinkled faces. Such is the type of the homo, while the flora, from conifer to cryptogam, revels in immortal freshness and beauty. Even the hungry pulp-mill cannot restrain the exuberance of the woods. Many of the mountaineers living within ten miles of a railway (and the significant fact in Vermont is that the very heart of a primitive wilderness may lie within two or three hours' drive of an iron road) have never ridden behind a locomotive.

Such are the peculiar conditions which forecast a new utilization of some of the resources of the State. It has thousands of square miles of romantic mountain, forest, and lake, almost savage in their reservation from the hand or foot of man, unless of some sporadic sportsman. They teem with fish and game. The fascinations of these mountains are no new story to the trout-enthusiast. Large game abounds, and increases with great rapidity. Ursus is more in evidence than he was a quarter of a century since. Owing to the State law which prohibits shooting till 1900, the deer in many sections has become a positive nuisance to the farmer by its destruction of crops, herding freely with the cattle. In so large a city as Rutland these wild creatures have in several instances dashed through the streets at full trot in their plentiful swarming forth from their forest homes. Beyond all cavil, Vermont will be in a few years, perhaps is now, one of the foremost States in the abundance of its deer. If the law warranted, the rifle-carriers would throng here to-day as they now troop to the Adirondacks instantly the crimsoning sumac begins to stain the forest brake. Six to eight hours by rail and two hours' drive to follow would in most cases carry the sportsman into the very penetralia of the most rugged solitudes. It is this convenience of access which will at no distant date dot the picturesque Vermont mountains with game and fish preserves, owned by private individuals or clubs. The movement now begun will know no setback as the forest attractions of the State become more widely known.

Twenty-five years ago even there was but little of that keen craving for the delights of angling and the chase among our well-to-do classes which has always fired the blood of our English cousins, in so many ways more sluggish than our own. But the mushroom growth of a large leisure class and an infusion of Anglomania—which has its generous as well as its servile aspects, especially the taste for out-door and athletic diversions—has wrought a radical change. Then, too, the business and professional man is eager to relax his work-a-day tension as he never was before, and to find in the crack of the shot-gun and rifle or the whiz of the reel a fillip which gives a more tingling sparkle to the wine of the mountain air. And the new woman also darts into the foreground hue as a partner in hitherto masculine ideals. Not content with irruption into medicine, law, journalism, trade, *et id.*, maid and matron begin to hunt experience as well as game in the bolder diversions of the seas and woods. This exhilarating flirtation with nature rewards with a finer joy than dawdling on hotel piazzas over the honey-pot of a French novel with colorless copies of the heroes of the text. With such a *vis a tergo* pricking the vitals of things, fishing and shooting preserves are getting indispensable; and the rapidity with which they are springing up in the nearest available sections is noteworthy. Pennsylvania, Maine, and the Adirondacks have been the regions most in focus as outing resorts for the city sportsman, but a dangerous rival is in the field.

The embarrassment of riches in Vermont in the location of site is great, and the seeker is almost in the dilemma of Buredan's ass. In the southern part of the State, with which the writer is best acquainted (and northern Vermont is no less rich in invitation), there is a radius of a dozen miles which includes a round score of delightful little mountain lakes not subject to the law of public ownership. From 2000 to 3000 feet above the sea, set against a background of giant woods, or, it may be, fairy-like glades of sifted sunshine and shadow, these solitudes are fascinating. To-day lake and woodland environment can be purchased for about two dollars an acre. Ten years hence there will probably be a stiff premium on such properties throughout the whole of the Green Mountain State.

Two examples of the holiday use of the wilderness may be cited as fairly illustrative of the evolution of health and pleasure seeking which is making in Vermont for the benefit of the outlander, more even than for the native, since the State is poor, and stakes its resources in large measure against incoming capital. These are specialized not as surpassing similar experiments, but as coming within the writer's personal observation, one being a private, the other a club preserve. The first, known as Griffith's Lake, is the property of a gentleman sometimes known as the "lumber king of southern Vermont." Scarcely more than ten miles from the village of Danby, near the very top of the mountains, a great oval bowl of translucent water lies, 2500 feet high, embosomed amidst great spruce forests. These have never known the ring of the chopper's axe, except so far as judicious cutting has made an easier pathway through the dense wood, or cleared away the timber and underbrush along the bluff which overlooks one side of the lake. Here an ample house with wide piazzas squats with an air of homely comfort, and inside fireplaces gape for big chunks of log; for even in midsummer nightfall often brings a shiver with it. The lake and the streams issuing from it are stocked every spring with yearling trout and two-year-olds; for these are found to do better in pond waters than the small-fry, as the bull-trout and pickerel, indigenous to most New England lakes and ponds, make great havoc with the baby fish. Pains are similarly taken by the owner to enrich the thickets with partridges and pheasants, while the bigger game takes care of itself without any helping hand. As the visitor climbs to some coign of vantage, whence he may look down on a great panorama of mountain and valley flashing fifty miles around in the sunshine, the shambling of bruin in an adjoining brake or the leap of a deer through the ferns of a near ravine may startle him at any moment with a thrill of surprise. Good roads are building, at large expense, in and around this domain, which contains several thousand acres. The timber which must needs be cut out of the dense forest to perfect its uses for sport and its convenience for the sportsman will, it is supposed, go far to pay the cost of making and maintaining the preserve.

The Forest and Stream Club, located near Wilmington, on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains, comprises about seventy members, hailing from the whole country east of the Mississippi. While the site does not share the savage wildness and seclusion of the locality described above, it is not inferior in qualities of varied and picturesque charm, with its contrast of height and intervale, lake, meadow, and forest. The aspect of cultivation does not diminish its seductions, as it lies in the smiling sunshine, sloping upward into the folds of the massive green hills. Extensive buildings provide for the membership and its women folk and young people, adding the luxuries of the summer-resort place to the exhilarating pursuits of out-doors. Several artificial ponds and many natural brooks, well stocked with speckled beauties, invite the rod; and the woodland thickets, under the charge of a competent gamekeeper, testify how greatly artificial breeding can increase the natural stock of game where the conditions are favorable. Bears, deer, foxes, gray squirrels, and rabbits wander at their own will in the club forests and on the mountain-side close at hand. A fish-hatchery is speedily to be added to the facilities of the club, with separate ponds where trout can be raised to the length of six inches before being turned loose to earn their own living. At the edge of the property lies the romantic Haystack Pond, at the base of the mountain of the same name, one of the most beautiful lakes in the State. From the top of the mountain, three thousand feet high, may be seen the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Catskills, and the matchless Berkshire Hills, dotted with shining towns and villages, making a ravishing *coup d'œil.* The success of this club, now seven years old, in the preservation of fish and game, and in protecting its rights against the poacher and pot-hunter, makes it a prominent example of what may be done on a great scale throughout the State.

The air is full of rumors of clubs and wealthy individuals now negotiating mountain properties the whole length of the Green Mountain range. While one may not reasonably expect another vast Corbin preserve like that in northern New Hampshire, where all the game animals in the United States can be kept and propagated, a great number of smaller ones for the protection and increase of the indigenous wild creatures of the forests and waters will be of larger benefit to the State. It is scarcely too much to assert that the forests and mountains of Vermont may be easily made to contribute within the next quarter-century, by their strenuous adaptation to the needs of woodland sport as pursued by the wealthier classes, a larger revenue than that of all its farm-lands. The State authorities, too, have shown themselves alert to the situation by the increasing rigor of the game and forest laws.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

When children first woke, wonder-eyed,
From dreams the slumber-people brought them,
And found their treasures gone, they sighed
For those delights that sleep had taught them.

So fairies came and caught, one night,
Those lightly fleeting joys and stories,
And touched them with a beam of light
And turned them into Morning-Glories.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

GRANT DAY.

General Grant was born in Ohio on April 27, 1822, and the day of the dedication of his tomb was the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth. The 27th of April ought to be a good day for a great celebration. So far as the almanac indicates, it is the time of opening buds and ethereal mildness, of green grass and the state of things out-of-doors which brings people out from their houses in spring clothes and inclines them to sit or to walk in the open air. But there are always chances in April weather—a chance of rain, especially. That did not befall on Grant day. It did not rain, but it blew from the northwest with a vigor and penetration that made the wind and its consequences the foremost consideration in the minds of some millions of people. The consequences were cold and dust. The cold was nothing to hurt if it had not been driven in with such searching persistence; but oh, the dust! It is mortifying to remember it.

Nevertheless, when man proposes a great parade it takes worse atmospheric dispositions than wind and dust to stop it. There was a long programme for Grant day, and it all went through just as it was planned. If it was a gritty day, there were equally gritty human forces to cope with it.

At half past nine President McKinley and Vice-President Hobart, members of the cabinet, Mayor Strong, Mr. Cleveland, Speaker Reed, General Miles, Governor Black, and other distinguished persons started from the Fifth Avenue Hotel and drove to the tomb at Claremont, escorted by Squadron A, the crack cavalry organization of the town. At Thirty-first Street they were joined by Mrs. Grant and her family and by the ladies of the cabinet, escorted by mounted companies of the Army of the Tennessee and by other veterans. They followed the route which the big procession took an hour later, up Madison Avenue to Fifty-fifth Street (because Fifth Avenue was so torn up as to be impassable to a procession), through Fifty-fifth Street to Fifth Avenue, thence to Fifty-ninth Street, thence to the Boulevard, along the Boulevard to Seventy-second Street, thence to the Riverside Drive, and so on up along the Riverside directly to the tomb. The great procession later passed the tomb on the westward, rounded it at 127th Street, and returned southerly down the East Drive. The lawn opposite the front of the monument was floored over and filled with seats, and there, before a numerous and distinguished audience and a huge crowd of on-lookers, the dedicatory services took place. "America" was sung by a chorus; Bishop Newman, so intimately associated with General Grant, offered a prayer; President McKinley, standing bareheaded in spite of expostulation, pronounced a eulogy upon General Grant; and General Horace Porter, the president of the Grant Monument Association, made the address of the day, reviewing Grant's career in detail, and at the close reciting the history of the construction of the monument, and formally turning over the custody of it to Mayor Strong as the official representative of the city of New York.

These impressive ceremonies were not protracted. Admirable as both addresses were, the wind, though it could not abate the vigor of speakers or the enthusiasm of listeners, made speaking a struggle and listening a task. Mayor Strong, when it came his turn, brought the proceedings promptly to a close, and carried the invited guests off to luncheon and to shelter.

By this time it was past noon, and the great parade was steadily making its way up town. It started at 10.30 from Madison Square, gathering force from every street it passed. It reached Forty-second Street a military body nearly 30,000 strong. Four thousand veterans and other thousands of letter-carriers, firemen, schoolboys, and civic paraders swelled it finally to an estimated total of about 50,000. It marched through crowds of spectators not less notable than the procession itself. How many people saw it any able statistician who has the will may estimate for himself. Considerably more than half a million spectators came to Manhattan Island that day by rail, or over bridges, or on the ferry-boats. The elevated railroad is confident that it alone carried a million people in the course of the day, and its facilities, joined to those of all the surface roads, were hopelessly inadequate to transport the people who wanted transportation. The sidewalks and steps of houses past which the procession moved were packed of course.

(*Continued on page 476.*)

YOUNG MOTHERS
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Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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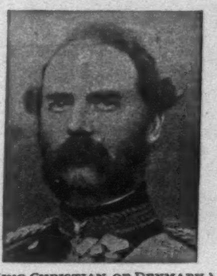

(King Christian, of Denmark.)

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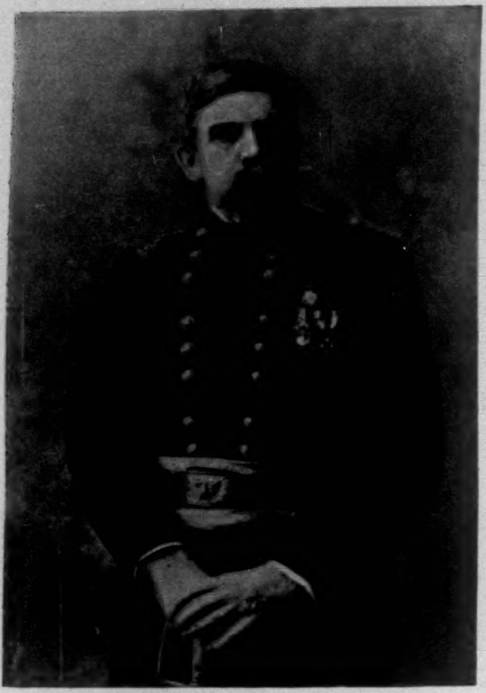


MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE,
Grand Marshal of the Military and Civic Parade.

(*Continued from page 475.*)

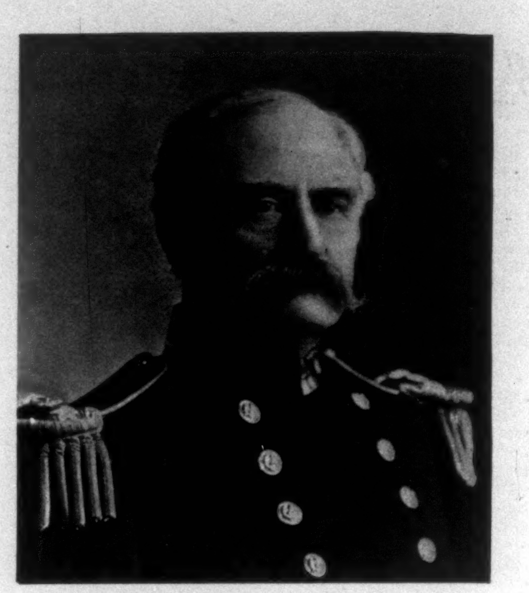
Fifty-ninth Street and the Boulevard were thronged with a great multitude, but the most astonishing accumulations of humanity were above Eighty-third Street on the Riverside Drive. In that quarter of the town huge stands succeeded one another on the vacant lots bordering on the route, reminding one observer of nothing so much as the acres of ice-houses on the Penobscot River in Maine. Some of them were filled, many were partly filled, some were vacant. There were people enough to have filled them all, but it was not only cheaper to stand, but warmer. The chilling gale and the driving dust were colder and more blinding the higher up one rose in the air. There was shelter in a crowd even though one saw less, and the city was long of sights that day and comparatively short of shelter. All the stands and nearly all the houses along the route were lavishly decorated. Indeed decorations were in sight and flags flying all over the city.

Up through these brilliant streets, past throngs and banks of spectators, the procession tramped, cheered and smiled upon, breathing dust and ever blinking at flying sand, but sturdy and constant in its progress. Just before one o'clock, when the head of the line had reached the bottom of the last hill before Claremont, it halted for twenty minutes along its six miles of length, to give the President time to finish his lunch. Lucky paraders were those who spent that interval in a neighborhood where food was plenty. All along the route at that time the sympathy of the spectators for their spectacle took spontaneous and practical expression, and it rained bananas, oranges, sandwiches, and things edible from windows, balconies, stands, and sidewalks upon the hungry soldiers.

At one o'clock the President and his party appeared on the reviewing-stand on the east side of the tomb, and the head of the procession rounded the curve into sight. It was in three grand divisions, Military, Veteran, and Civic. The Military Grand Division was in four divisions. The first, headed by the West Point cadets, included 2500 troops of the regular army and 1600 sailors and marines. The second included the National Guard and naval militia of the State of New York, about 12,000 strong. The third included visiting brigades and regiments from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, New Hampshire, Virginia, Rhode Island, Vermont, Ohio, and the District of Columbia, about 11,000. The fourth was made up of some 2700 military-school cadets. In the Veterans' Grand Division were over 3000 G. A. R. men and about 1300 others; the Civic Grand Division included some 7000 paraders; 160 bands, made up of over 5000 musicians, made the music to which the other thousands marched.

It took this long line something over six hours to pass anything that stood still and waited. Soon after one o'clock President McKinley looked out from the reviewing-stand, newly fed and cheerful, and returned the salute of Grand-Marshal Dodge at the head of the line. He stood and was saluted by the regulars; by the entire National Guard and naval militia of the State of New York; by Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania, in a carriage, at the head of 2500 of his State troops; by Governor Griggs, of New Jersey, on horseback, at the head of 4000 Jerseymen; by Governor Cooke of Connecticut, with his picturesque and lively guards; by Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts, handsome, courteous, well-mounted, leading 1400 soldiers from the Bay State; by 600 fine Marylanders, whose Governor was not with them; by the Governors of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Ohio, and Illinois, all, excepting those of Rhode Island and Illinois, with soldiers to follow them; and by the Richmond Blues and other Virginia troops, whose Governor did not appear.

Then about half past four o'clock, as the Division of Veterans approached, the President left the Vice-President to review them, and went down the river-bank and boarded the *Dolphin*, so that the naval celebration might go on. As one stood on the bank and looked down on the North River the sand blew in one's eyes, and the cold sunlight glared into them, and the northeast wind blew and blew and cut one's face. But it was a sight worth struggling to catch, for down there were battle-ships galore, decked with all manner of flags and manned by rows of sailors, all in sight—the *New York*, the *Massachusetts*, the *Maine*, the *Texas*, the *Raleigh*, the *Puritan*, the *Amphitrite*, the *Terror*, the British *Talbot*, the French *Fulton*, the Italian *Dogali*, the Spanish *Infanta Isabella* and *Maria Theresa*, eleven light-house tenders, five revenue-cutters, and a great number of tugs and excursion-boats. As the *Dolphin's* anchor came up all the tug and steamer whistles screamed; then, as she put out and headed down the river, boom! boom! boom! went the saluting guns of each man-of-war as she approached and passed it.



REAR-ADMIRAL FRANCIS M. BUNCE, U.S.N.,
Commander of the Naval Parade.

Up on the Riverside the procession still went on. It was seven o'clock before the public-school boys in the civic procession passed the empty reviewing-stand, but the crowds held on to the last, and the streets swarmed with people, most of them homeward-bound afoot, until the last parader came back past the Grand Marshal at 117th Street and was dismissed.

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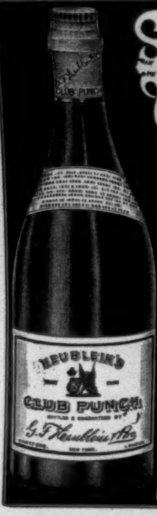

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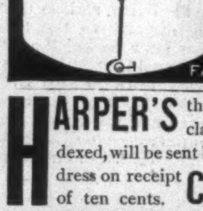

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AMATEVR - SPORT

Much of an encouraging nature is marking the opening athletic year of 1897.

The cause of wholesome sport is winning its way—not rapidly, perhaps, but securely.

The readjustment of their athletic rules by some of the smaller Eastern colleges, that have hitherto viewed with indifference the ethical shortcomings of their teams, has brought the standards of the colleges and the universities very nearly together—the "summer nine" question, indeed, seeming now to be about the only remaining one in smaller college baseball requiring settlement.

The proposed campaign of the Board of Governors of the Amateur Athletic Union against semi-professionalism in club athletics is extremely gratifying.

The splendid rules adopted, and thus far uniformly observed, by the middle Western universities bid fair to raise the ethical standard of that section to a level with the one in force at the Eastern universities.

The secession movement in California, Minnesota, and one or two districts of the South anent Sunday bicycle-racing has cleared the League of American Wheelmen membership of at least some of its vicious spirits.

And now the recent withdrawal from the Pacific Athletic Association of the San Francisco Olympic Athletic Club promises to do as much for the Amateur Athletic Union and for amateur sport generally on the Pacific coast.

The Olympic Athletic Club's retirement from the A. A. U. is an occasion for genuine rejoicing among sportsmen. It has always been a most persistent and flagrant offender. The largest club on the Pacific coast, it could have done much good for amateur sport and for itself, but its influence has almost invariably been wielded in the interest of athletic corruption. At its sparring tournaments it has debauched boxers with the equivalent of cash prizes, and pursued a course in its football and baseball which long ago warranted its expulsion.

Two years ago, through the unceasing efforts of William F. Humphrey, president of the Pacific Coast Association, and the good influence of John Elliott, at that time one of the governors of the Olympic Club, there was promise of reform. But the promise was never fulfilled. John Elliott resigned rather than represent a club so utterly lacking in athletic honor, and now Mr. Humphrey has sent in his resignation as president of the Pacific Coast Association, because he has sickened of occupying the anomalous position of president of an amateur association that was really encouraging, by the indifference of a Board of Governors composed for the most part of puppets of the Olympic Club and its ilk, practices hardly to be expected of an organization of professionals.

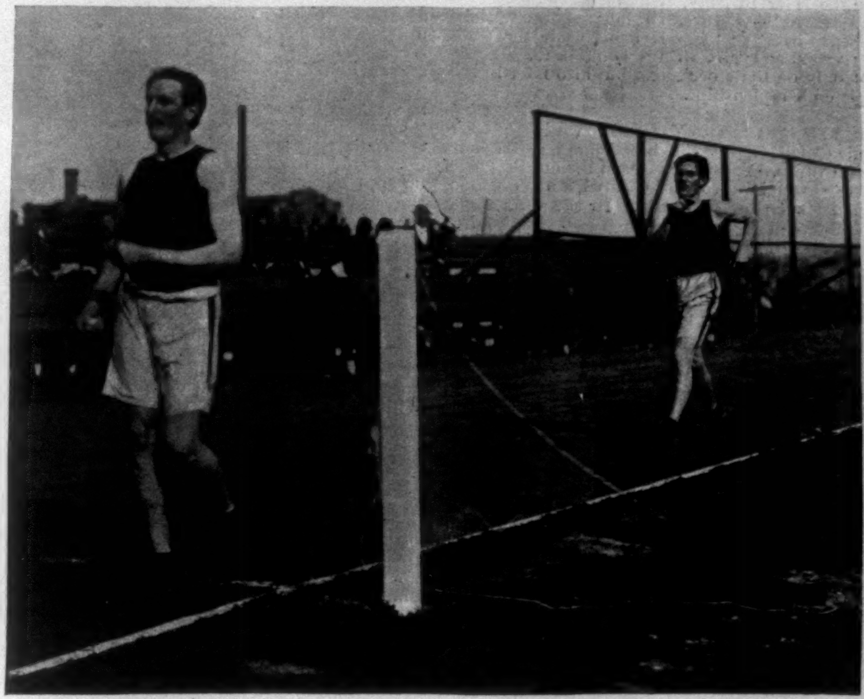
But for Mr. Humphrey's zeal there is no saying to what extent the corruption would have spread. And as it is, the situation is truly deplorable. In athletic depravity San Francisco is more deeply immersed than any other city in this country. Proportionately there is less of healthful competitive sport in California outside of the colleges than in any State in this country. The disregard of sporting ethics is widespread and alarming. The absence of the sportsman, the manly, upright athlete who loves sport for its own sake, is regrettably notable. There are many good sportsmen in California, as I happen to know, but we must conclude they do not belong to the Olympic or the majority of the other San Francisco and vicinity athletic clubs.

It is pleasing to note at least one exception to the rule, in the Reliance Club of Oakland, which during the past year, guided by its president, Mr. R. M. Fitzgerald, has been a sympathetic supporter of Mr. Humphrey, and more than any other club carried his precepts into practical athletics. For the rest, whatever observance there has been of amateur rules has been literally forced upon them by Mr. Humphrey, and the board he has kept constantly whipped into reluctant support of him.

And so now we are told that the Olympic Club will organize the "All-California Amateur Athletic Association, consisting of the athletic clubs of California, including all cycling clubs that may withdraw from the L. A. W."

What a symposium of "amateurs" that will make, to be sure!

The President of the Olympic Club, Mr. George A. Newhall, declares, as reason for the mobilization of these "amateurs" under a new standard, that "athletic conditions in the West are wholly different from those in the East." We fully coincide with Mr. Newhall's frank acknowledgment. Another equally candid and somewhat delicious statement, from another "earnest agitator," as the San Francisco press salutes him, is "that under the laws of the Pacific Coast Association prizes offered for competition are not of sufficient value to encourage ambitious amateurs, and on that account many amateurs are unduly forced into professional ranks." The spectacle of the Olympic A. C. rewarding "ambitious amateurs" has been on view for several years, but it is refreshing to learn that his status will not henceforth be a matter for doubt. We entirely agree with Mr. Newhall that the existing laws of amateur sport which govern the games of the universities, colleges, and amateur athletic clubs throughout the country are not elastic enough to "meet the needs" of the Olympic Athletic Club athlete, and as the Olympic Club has no athletes whose needs are less, and no president or Board of Governors who believe his needs should be less, unquestionably the Olympic Club is wise in setting up a standard more in keeping with the sentiments and status of its members.



W. B. FETTERMAN, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, OVERTAKING THE HANDICAP MAN.

Breaking the Inter-Collegiate One-Mile Walk Record of 6 m. 52¾ sec. by a Performance of 6 m. 50 sec., Franklin Field, April 24, 1897.

It is about the first good turn the club has done amateur sport.

The only surprising or disturbing information that has come East concerning this movement is the report that the Olympic is supported by the universities of California and Leland Stanford and the Reliance Club. I can hardly credit the rumor. The loyalty of these universities belongs first to the Western Inter-collegiate Association, and second to the Amateur Athletic Union. If they join in this pot-hunting venture of the Olympic A. C., they not only lose caste before the amateur sporting world, but become disqualified for any competition with all colleges east of California.

I feel quite as confident the Reliance Club will not, by following the lead of the Olympic A. C., lose the good name it has won during the last two years.

The impression that Northwestern had "refused to accept the rule [proposed by the Western inter-collegiate conference a short time ago] barring out professionals" seems to have unjustly represented the sentiment of that university, since a rule equally stringent against professionals was already in force—a statement corroborated by this university's sacrifice of its '96 baseball nine to the spirit of amateurism in athletics. It is true, however, that Northwestern at first declined to accept *in toto* the rules adopted at the middle Western inter-collegiate conference, held at Chicago last Winter, but as they have recently done so, commendation rather than criticism is now in order.

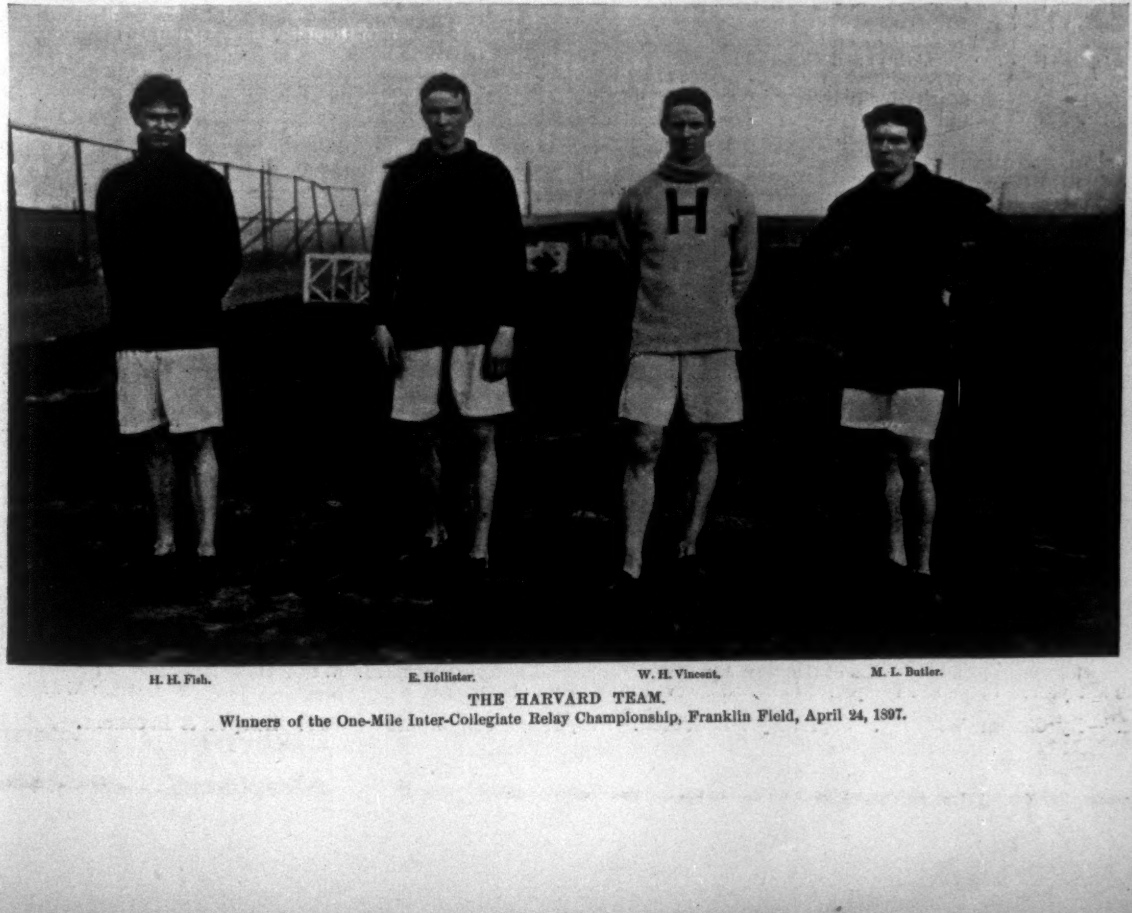
There is no doubt that of these conference rules the one permitting graduates who have secured a degree to play two additional years, or six years in all, is a glaring injustice not only to Northwestern, but to substantially every institution in the middle West, except the Universities of Michigan and of Chicago.

It is a bad rule at best, and is certain to put a premium on graduates returning for athletic purposes only—the very practice which gave the Eastern universities much trouble, until a rule was adopted restricting play to four years, the time the athlete played on any college team being included.

Northwestern is perfectly sound in its objection to the present six-year rule suggested at the Chicago conference.

The opening athletic season has already provided enough evidence of a returning interest in 'cross-country running to warrant a hope of its permanent re-establishment on the sporting calendars. America has few distance-runners, although we have always managed to maintain a fairly creditable record table. The revival, two weeks ago, of the 'cross-country championship after a lapse of four years was very pleasing. And yet more gratifying was the very fair number of starters, fifty-seven, all but seven of whom finished. The run was a stiff one, six miles, that comprised forty-three jumps, four of them water, over the steeple-chase course of the Westchester Racing Association at Morris Park; and George W. Orton, representing the New York Athletic Club, who finished first by over 100 yards, covered it in 35m. 58 s.; E. W. Hjertberg, New Jersey A. C., ran second in 36 m. 25⅗ s.; and G. G. Hollander, Knickerbocker A. C., third, in 36 m. 40 s. Eight clubs were represented, and the team honors were won by the Knickerbocker A. C.; Pastime A. C., second; New West Side A. C., third; New Jersey A. C., fourth; Star A. C., fifth; St. George A. C., sixth. Orton won easily, and Hollander ran most pluckily, for he is unused to 'cross-country work, and was much distressed. A most notable performance was that of the veteran E. C. Carter, who ran untrained, and though getting a badly bruised heel at one of the jumps, yet finished seventh.

Over in Boston still further and later evidence was given, by the Marathon games of the Boston Athletic Association, of the growing 'cross-country spirit, and a performance witnessed which gives promise of future good work. J. J. McDermott, Pastime A. C., won the Marathon race of 25 miles in 2 h. 55 m. and 10 s., which is 10 seconds faster



H. H. Fish. E. Hollister. W. H. Vincent. M. L. Butler.

THE HARVARD TEAM.

Winners of the One-Mile Inter-Collegiate Relay Championship, Franklin Field, April 24, 1897.

than the time made by the Greek last year at the Olympic games at Athens. It should be remembered, however, that the course of the Boston Marathon race furnished much better going than that over which the Greek ran. J. J. Kiernan, St. Bartholomew's A. C., was second, in 3 h. 2 m. 2 s.; F. P. Rhell, Jamaica Plains, third, 3 h. 6 m. 2 s.; Hamilton Gray, St. George's A. C., fourth, 3 h. 11 m. 37 s. A Marathon race, given under the auspices of the Knickerbocker A. C., was run last year for the first time in this country, and also won by Mr. McDermott.

In no previous year has first-class track-athletic material been so plentiful at the universities. There seems, indeed, almost an embarrassment of riches—certainly for whoso attempts to weigh the chances of the respective teams. Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, each has perhaps the strongest all-round team it ever had, while Princeton shows more promise than for three years past, and Cornell is giving substantial evidence of the growing track interest at Ithaca. The dual games, of which the more important are the Harvard-Univ. of Penn. (May 8) and the Harvard-Yale (May 15) are sure to be intensely interesting, with some surprising results. It looks as if the team strongest in second and third strings would be the successful one, not only on these occasions, but also later in the inter-collegiate championships.

As between Harvard and Yale—Harvard is stronger in the middle distances, mile run, broad jump, and a trifle so in the high jump. Yale is stronger in the hurdles, pole vault, walk, and weights (provided Chadwick and Sheldon make up their low class-room mark). In the sprints and high jump they are fairly even.

As between Harvard and Univ. of Penn.—Harvard is stronger in the sprints (although if Hoffman and Tewkesbury continue improving there is likely to be a reversal here), middle distances, hurdles, broad jump. Univ. of Penn. is stronger in the mile run, mile walk, high jump, and weights (provided Woodruff is able to compete). In the pole vault it is about an even thing. This is considering first place only. Except in the shot, Harvard is not weak in any event; and, on the other hand, there are several developing men who may reveal unexpected strength in events now numbered among the lost. For instance, there is a high-hurdler—Fox—who has done 16 sec. in practice; and Morse, who has rapidly developed into a high-jumper of prominence, and is expected to do close to 25 sec. in the low hurdles. So it seems, in looking over the field thus far in advance of the actual trials forth-coming, that Harvard has more possibilities than any of the others. Whether they will be realized may not be so confidently affirmed.

The brilliant work in the Harvard team has been done so far in the half-mile run by Evan Hollister, and in the mile run by Richard Grant. Hollister has won the inter-collegiate half-mile for three years, and recently in the Harvard spring games ran the distance in 1 m. 54⅗ s. He is also, next to Burke, the fastest quarter-miler in this country, having done .50⅘ last winter on a seven-lap board track. It is even probable that if he trained especially for this event he might defeat Burke. Grant ran third to Jarvis and Orton last year, when Jarvis won in 4.28⅗; but he has greatly improved, and recently did 4.27.

In the sprints Harvard has Roche and Bigelow, who have done 10⅕ for the 100 yds., and Denholm and Bigelow for the 220 yds., with records of 22⅗. These are re-enforced by Redpath, Dunstan, and Marshall, who are but slightly inferior. Besides Hollister for the quarter, there are Captain Vincent, who won the inter-collegiate quarter in '95 (50⅘), and Fish, who can do 51. Again, in the half, Hollister is, of course, the man depended on for first, and Draper—a Freshman—and Dill good for 1.59 besides, while Fenno and Williams are experienced men, who can run close to the two-minute mark. Fenno and Starbuck are second string to Grant in the mile. Harvard depends in the walk on Phillips, who represented the crimson last year, and Munson, a new man, and considered equal to 7 minutes, but that will hardly be fast enough to count against either Yale or the Univ. of Penn.

In the high hurdles Fox is counted on to win from Univ. of Penn., and is Harvard's only hope against Yale's well-known skilful performers in this event. Fox has done 16, and Hollowell 16⅗. Morse is a comparatively new man in the low hurdles, but a very promising one, and will serve to lessen Yale's surety in this event. Harvard has no other low-hurdler so speedy, though Hubbard is good for 26, and Rorer a yard slower. Morse is also Harvard's best man in the high jump. He has done 5 ft. 11 in. Paine does 5 ft. 10½ in., and there are no others within a couple of inches of them. Hoyt, who with C. T. Buchholz holds the inter-collegiate record of 11 ft. 2¾ in., will represent Harvard in the pole vault, but he has not approached his form thus far, and cannot be depended on. Emmons is the next best, at 10.6. For the broad jump there are J. G. Clark, 22 ft. 1¾ in., and Somers, 22 ft. 1½ in. In the hammer, Shaw has done 127 ft. 3 in., and Patterson, the old Cornell man, about 125 ft. The only man on the shot is E. F. Clarke, whose best is 38 ft. 9 in., and if that wins a third in either of the dual competitions, Harvard will be in luck.

That 378 men have been in training since January is some indication of Harvard's wealth of material.

Of last year's champion team Yale loses L. P. Sheldon, who won the broad jump, and second in the low hurdles; Thrall and Allis, who won the walk and pole vault; and Cross, who got a third in the hammer. In the jump and walk this loss will be felt, for no one has been developed who seems likely to be sure of covering 22 feet, as Sheldon invariably could; and Darrach, the best walker, could not overtake Fetterman in the walk last year, nor is he likely to do it this year. Against Harvard, Thrall's absence will probably not influence Yale's score. For the rest, Yale is fully as strong as last year, when she won the championship with 21 points to spare. There are the same sprinters—Graff, Byers, Garvan, who recently ran one, two, three in the 100 yds. in 10⅕, and Chappell, good for 22⅗ in the 220 yds., with Garvan and Byers close up. Besides which there is Burnet, of the same class when in form. There are more quarter-milers this year than Yale ever had, and the best of them are Fisher, who ran second to Burke in 50⅘ at the inter-collegiates last year; Captain Gerard, Garvan, Luce, Johnson, and Beard. In the half-mile, Hinckley, who ran second at the '96 championship to Hollister, 1 min. 56⅗ sec., is rounding into form, and a new man, Ordway, will come near to 2 min. before his training is completed. Buckingham is Yale's best miler, but his work, 4.38, is not fast enough to keep him in company with such men as are representing Harvard and Univ. of Penn. this year.

Yale's greatest strength lies in the hurdles and the weights, and in these events she is fully as strong as last year. Perkins is counted on to win both hurdles, and will do so unless Harvard's new men reach Cambridge expectations in their development. It is not improbable that with Fox against him in the high, and Morse in the low, the task set Perkins will come near to overwhelming him. But there seems no chance of Yale losing the hammer or shot, unless Chadwick and Sheldon prove laggards in their classes, which will be, in truth, a sorry display of college loyalty. There is no adequate reason for any man falling behind in his classes. With a fair amount of attention and average intelligence, one should keep up with one's studies. Van Winkle seems to be succeeding Allis in the pole vault; he has done 11 ft. 1¼ in. this spring, and there is no evidence of retrogression; then there is a new man, Johnson, who is good for 11 ft., and in fact tied Van Winkle at the Yale games the other day.

Cheney, about the best of the broad-jumpers, did 21 ft. 8 in. last week; and none of the high-jumpers has excelled Merwin, who is expected to reach 5 ft. 10 in. There do not seem to be many points for Yale in these events at the Inter-collegiates the last of May, but there will be a look—in May 15 in the dual games with Harvard.

Yale will have to make the uttermost of every advantage she may have in the hurdle and field events, for her chances in the running races are no better than last year, when she earned in them, at the Inter-collegiates, only four of her forty-three and one-half points. Yale, however, is stronger in second and third strings than last year, and though indications at this writing point somewhat to a Harvard victory in the dual meet, there is very little to choose between them, and very little one way or the other will influence the result.

Univ. of Penn. is showing the same rapid progress in track athletics she revealed in football. In '93, at the Inter-collegiate championships, Univ. of Penn. gained 11 points, of which Buchholz won 8; last year Univ. of Penn. was second with 22½ points, contributed by eleven men of her team. Three years ago a Harvard-Univ. of Penn. dual meet would have been too one-sided to be even tolerable; last year Harvard beat Univ. of Penn. by 18 points; and this year, if the score is no closer, the contest will at least be more interesting, since Univ. of Penn. is better represented in every event.

In sprinters Univ. of Penn. has Hoffman, who recently did 10⅕ sec. for the 100 yards on a poor track; and Tewkesbury, a new man, who is now a yard slower, but seems to have running in him for the future. Hoffman has done easily 22⅗ sec. in the 220 yards, with Tewkesbury two yards back. Hoffman is also the main dependence in the 440, which he has several times run in 51 sec. and under, his best performance being 52⅗ sec. from a mark 13 yards back of scratch. But Hoffman will of course be unable to do himself justice in every one of these events against Harvard; and as Univ. of Penn. has no one to take his place, it makes the team weak in the quarter.

But Univ. of Penn. makes up for weakness in the quarter by strength in the half, with Orton, 1.59; Grant (brother of the Harvard Grant), 1.58; Mechling, 1.59; Lane, 1.59; Sichel, 2.00. In the mile there is also strength, with Orton, 4.21; Grant, 4.30; Mechling, 4.35. Here again the necessity of using the same man in two events weakens him for the longer. Hollister is certain to beat Orton in the half; and enough may be taken out of the latter to lose him second place to the Harvard Grant in the mile. The Harvard-Univ. of Penn. mile ought to be an exceedingly interesting race with Orton, Jarvis, and the two Grants, nor would it be surprising, if he is permitted to run, to see the Harvard Grant defeat Orton and Jarvis, both of whom beat him last year.

In the hurdles Univ. of Penn. will hardly score a point, but the walk is a certainty with Fetterman, whose record is 6.50. And the shot will be equally safe for Univ. of Penn., even though Woodruff's (42 ft.) injured knee keeps him out of the competition, as McCracken (who, it seems to me, I remember as a Kansas or Nebraska football-player of some ability) and Garland are each good for 40 ft. With Woodruff, who now throws it 135 ft., the hammer is also a surety for Univ. of Penn.; without him it will be a toss-up between McCracken, who does 125 ft., and Shaw, whose best is 127 ft.

Another safe thing for Univ. of Penn. seems to be the high jump, with two men like Captain J. D. Winsor, Jr., holding the inter-collegiate record, 6 ft. 1 in., and Leslie, who has jumped as high, but is somewhat uncertain.

There will be a fighting chance in the broad jump for Univ. of Penn., with J. P. Remington equal to 22 ft. If Hoyt (Harvard) and Stewart (Univ. of Penn.) are in condition the pole vault will be a pretty contest. Hoyt has done 11 ft. 2¾ in., and Stewart 11 ft., but neither is now coming within inches of his best. If Woodruff competes and all goes well with Univ. of Penn. she will make a much better score against Harvard than last year, but there appears to be no good chance of her winning the dual meet.

Princeton's track-athletic prospects are brighter than they have been for several years. Not that the team is likely to be a formidable factor in the Inter-collegiate championship, and it is entirely possible it may not win more points than last year—but more interest is in evidence about the 'varsity track, more men are training, and a better foundation is assured for succeeding years. For two years Princeton has won but a single point at the Inter-collegiates. In '95 Rodgers won third in the broad jump, and last year Colfelt captured the same place in the quarter.

In the sprints are Lane, who is good for 10⅕ sec. in the 100 yards, but is uncertain, and Jarvis, a Freshman, who ran second to Wefers at the New Jersey A. C. games last autumn, and is reported to have done even time, though he has not shown better than 10⅗ at Princeton. These men, with Jamison, constitute the first and second strings for the 220 yards, in which, as in the shorter sprint, Jarvis is credited with a much faster performance (22 sec.) than he has shown on the college track.

Jamison and Brokaw are good for 52 in the quarter. In the half, Princeton has the ex-New York A. C. man Cregan, and Palmer, a Western college runner—both good for about 2 min.; while Cregan is credited with 4.29 and Laing 4.32, for the mile. No one of these three has shown such time at Princeton this year.

In the high hurdles there is Wheeler, a Freshman, who can do 17 sec., and in the low hurdles Jones with a record of 26⅗.

Captain Garrett is the best man with the shot—his record being 40 ft. 10 in.—and Potter recently established a new Princeton record for the hammer by throwing it 124 ft. 5 in. Tyler has pole-vaulted 10 ft. 9 in., and Garrett and Bottger are good for about 21 ft. 6 in. in the broad jump. The only high-class performances shown by Princeton athletes this spring are those of Weber and Carroll in the high jump; they tied last week at 5 ft. 11½ in., and in the jump-off Carroll cleared 6 ft. and made a new Princeton record. If Lane, Jarvis, Cregan, and Palmer attain the figures with which they are credited in their several specialties, Princeton may pick up a half-dozen or so points in the Inter-collegiates, but the University games last week furnished no evidence of such ability—the performances, aside from the high jump and hammer—being emphatically mediocre.

The Inter-collegiate relay championship given again this year by the Univ. of Penn., on Franklin Field (April 24), was, and should always continue to be, one of the most entertaining athletic events of the year. It bestirs an interest in running which, it seems to me, no other track event creates, and permits of more men participating in the pleasures of competition than any one number on the conventional programme. The Univ. of Penn. Athletic Association has been wise, too, in supplementing the Inter-collegiate with Inter-scholastic quarter-mile relay racing, for it is a great developer; but school principals should be certain that medical supervision ruled in the selection of their teams. A quarter-mile run is the most distressing event in athletics, and not to be attempted by sixteen or seventeen year old boys who are not perfectly sound of heart. Even so, too much running at this distance is injurious.

There were three Inter-collegiate championship relays to be decided, one each at one, two, and four miles, but the first was the only one to provide exciting racing. It brought together teams from Harvard, Yale, Univ. of Penn., Georgetown, and the Carlisle Indian School, but after the first quarter Georgetown and the Indians were entirely out of the running. Harvard led for the first quarter, with Univ. of Penn. and Yale following. At the half Harvard still led, but Yale had passed Univ. of Penn. In the third quarter Garvan (Yale) secured a short lead, while Jarvis (Univ. of Penn.) finished just in front of Butler (Harvard). Hollister (Harvard) started several yards behind Fisher (Yale) on the last quarter, but running in beautiful form, overcame Yale's lead, and won by six yards, Yale finishing quite as much in front of Univ. of Penn. Hollister's time in the last quarter was 50 sec.

The four-mile championship was interesting until the last mile, when Univ. of Penn. won too easily to arouse much enthusiasm from non-partisans.

Yale, Univ. of Penn., Georgetown, and Carlisle were the competing teams, but the race lay between the first two. Yale led by eight yards at the end of the first mile, but in the second mile Grant (Univ. of Penn.) caught and passed his man, only to weaken at the end, though managing to finish on even terms. In the third mile Mechling (Univ. of Penn.) held Hinckley (Yale) even until the last lap, when he won out by five yards. Orton, who took the last mile for Univ. of Penn., was content to jog along behind Buckingham (Yale) for half the distance, but in the last half opened out, and won handily by about thirty yards.

Only Univ. of Penn. and Brown competed for the two-mile championship, and the former won very easily, with Orton in the last half-mile, who had a long start over Wright, which the latter could not overcome. Wright, who appears to be a recent acquisition of Brown's, is the well-known Boston runner who is the present one and two mile amateur champion of New England, and has a 4.27 record for the mile, and is said to be equal to 1.58 for the half-mile.

Outside of the championship, two of the most interesting events of the day were the relay race of Cornell, Lafayette, Lehigh, and Columbia, which the first won in fast time, and the one of Brown, Dartmouth, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Amherst, and Boston College, which Brown won by a foot from Dartmouth, with Technology a foot behind for third, in the most exciting finish of the day.

Altogether there were thirty-eight college and forty-one school teams entered for the relay events.

Incidentally there were track events open only to Univ. of Penn. contestants, which furnished some fast work on a poor track. Hoffman ran 100 yards in 10⅕ sec., and 220 yards in 22⅕ sec., and Fetterman walked a mile in 6 min. 50 sec., beating the Inter-collegiate record of 6 min. 52⅕ sec., made by F. H. Borcherling, Princeton, in 1893.

A photograph was recently sent us, presumably for publication, of the State University of Iowa football eleven. The individuals in the group are numbered, and on the lower margin of the card their identity is disclosed.

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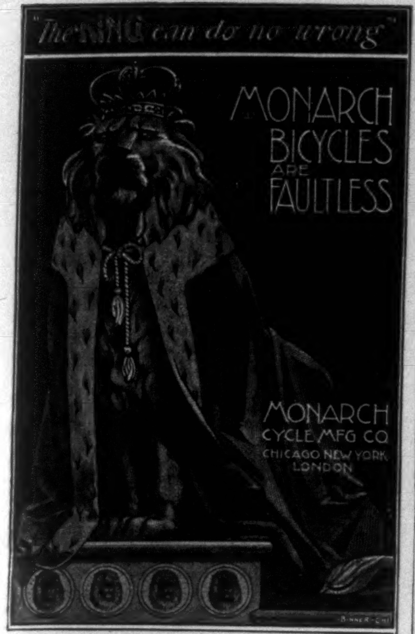

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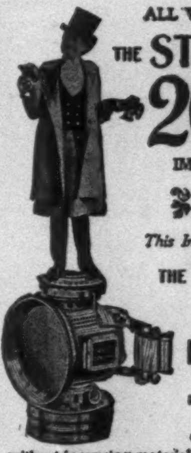

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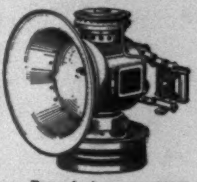

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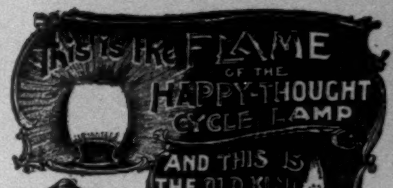
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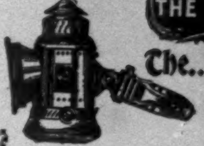

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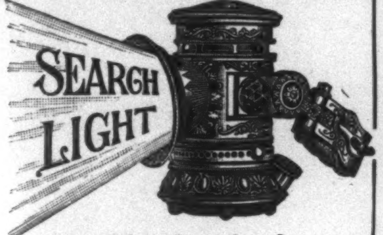

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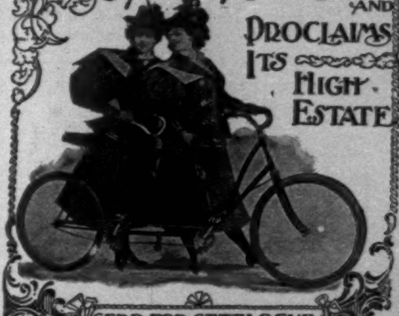

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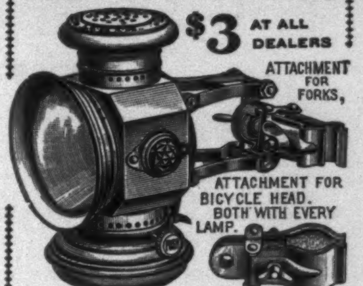
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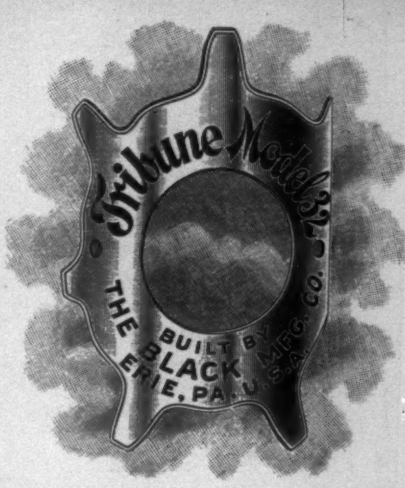
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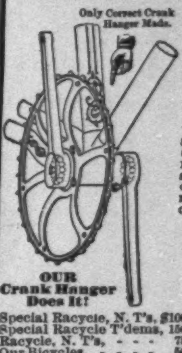

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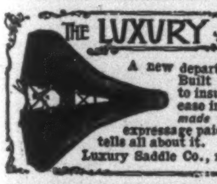

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